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THE GEM.

FOR

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INTRODUCTION.

TO THE

YOUTH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

AND THEIR PARENTS.

ALTHOUGH no person can be more solicitous than myself on the subject of providing mental food for youth, I venture to offer this new candidate for favor before you, with little fear of meeting disapprobation.

My table of contents exhibits a list of names not exceeded in reputation by any preceding *Juvenile Annual*; for, although got up with a celerity almost distressing in the hurry it imposed, such has been the kindness of my literary friends, that they have left me little

more to wish for. Miss MITFORD, Mrs. HALL, and Miss EMMA ROBERTS, notwithstanding they were engaged in works of importance, most kindly and promptly assisted me. Miss M. A. BROWNE and Miss DAGLEY also liberally contributed; and in the poetical department, my names, if not numerous, are each, in itself, a host. Few books, designed for youth, can boast such writers as JAMES MONTGOMERY, HOLLAND, and the author of "Corn Law Rhymes." To the publishers of this work I must consign the pleasant task of thanking our American contributors, for it has not been in their power hitherto to give me information on that point. All I can say is, that I urged them to procure from Miss LESLIE, Mrs. GRIFFITHS, Mr. BRYANT, and others, whatever they might honor us with.

But perhaps I may be allowed to hope for a kind reception, as a purveyor for youth, on another ground,—that of a writer whose works have been extensively circulated in America,

and who cannot approach, as a stranger, those whom she has long held in the light of friends.

Many who are now surrounded with promising young families of their own, have, in their young days, wept at the sorrows of my Ludovico and Ellen, resolved to imitate the courage of my Henry, and rejoiced in the success of my Affectionate Brother. To such parents I may say, Suffer me to become the acquaintance of your children ; let the holy chord of warm affections, and pure aspirations, which I then awoke, vibrate through another generation.

But the present race of American children are also acquainted with my later works ; and they, I trust, will not be sorry to meet me again, and see their old friend, formerly a plain and homely personage, thus elegantly embellished, and surrounded by a party, each of whom offers an attraction which more than supplies her deficiency. Literature and art ought to go hand in hand, and it is to the

honor of the present age to have done much towards the union, both in America and the parent country—

“ Those lands that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one, as the sea.”

And to the young, illustrations by plates are not only delightful, but serviceable, at once bestowing taste and increasing knowledge.

With every good wish for the present improvement and future happiness of my young American readers,

I remain their faithful friend, &c., &c.

BARBARA HOFLAND

THE LONDON COUSIN

AND

COUNTRY COUSIN.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

“AND do you really intend to walk out in this wind?” said Caroline Selby, the only daughter and heiress of Selby Park, to her young cousin, Lucy Moore, a London girl, who had recently arrived on a visit at the Park, and who, emancipated, for almost the first time in her life, from the restraints and confinement of a great city, enjoyed the liberty and fresh air of the country, with a zest which her delicate and luxurious kinswoman had some difficulty in comprehending. “Can you really face this wind?”

“Can I?” replied Lucy, gayly; “Can I not? Did you not promise, only last night, to show me your flowers and your birds, your conservatories, and green-houses, and hot-houses, and flower-gardens, your aviary, and your pheasantry? Did

not my aunt charge me not to let you forget your promise, and to go to none of them without you? Confess this, Caroline; and what but wind—bright, keen, sunny, invigorating wind—can we look for in the blowy month of March? Did you never hear Sheridan's rhyming Calendar?

“ January, snowy,
February, flowy;
March, blowy;
April, showery;
May, flowery;
June, bowery;
July, moppy;
August, croppy;
September, poppy;
October, breezy;
November, wheezy;
December, freezy.”—

“ Why, one would almost as soon object to the sun in June, as to the wind, the rough, pleasant wind, that sends one home running, glowing, laughing at one knows not what, in this same month of March. But perhaps you do object to the sun in summer?”

“ Certainly,” replied Caroline, gravely; “ I never go out in the summer except in the pony

phaeton; as to walking, I never dream of such a thing."

"Never walk in the summer!" exclaimed Lucy. "Live in this beautiful place, which we poor Londoners think it a privilege only to see, and be content to drive about it only in a carriage! Oh! my dear cousin, what would we give for these lawns to run about in! And you really do not walk? Can such a thing be possible?"

"I very seldom do walk, as I said before," replied Miss Selby, "and most certainly I am not going out this morning; and I can't imagine why you should wish to go to get coarse and sun-burnt and freckled in this wind, when you know that next Monday is my birth-day, and we are to have half the country at our Children's Ball!"

"Well!" said Lucy, suppressing a smile, "I grant the importance of looking well at the ball, especially for you, who are its heroine. But are you not afraid of growing wan and pale for want of exercise, sitting all day after lessons are done, poring over that embroidery, and making so dismal a waste of floss silk and gold thread? Come and show me the pheasants and the flowers, if only for the sake of your complexion."

"Oh, no!" rejoined her cousin, "one has always exercise enough with skipping and the

dumb-bells; and just now I have to practise my shawl-dance, which Taglioni brought out at her benefit, and which I have promised mamma to dance on Wednesday. No fear of my wanting exercise, I promise you!"

"And you really won't come, then!" exclaimed Lucy, somewhat disappointed; "well, perhaps the day may be calmer to-morrow, for Lady Selby desired me not to go to the garden or the aviary without you, and of course I shall not think of disobeying her. I dare say the wind will be stiller to-morrow; and in the mean time I'll hunt up the old Bailiff, and get him to give me a lesson in agriculture, so that I may not mistake wheat for grass again, as happened yesterday, to the immortal honor of my cockneyship. It is a mercy I did not take the contents of the field for a crop of clover, or turnips; for, they being all green, the thing might have happened!" added Lucy, as she ran away, laughing at her own blunders, the gayest and happiest creature that ever gladdened that often dull place, a quiet home in a great city.

Lucy Moore had the great advantage of being the daughter of a man of considerable talent and limited income. Her father was a barrister who had at last, by patience and assiduity, come through the long probation which that most diffi-

cult and uncertain of all professions requires in England, and was now rapidly rising in practice and in reputation; but as his private fortune was small, and his family large, he continued to live in the most prudent and moderate style, so that his daughter, unspoiled either by over indulgence or over education, (those two dangers of the children of the rich,) accustomed to make her own amusements, and to find gratification in the simplest pleasures, brought into the country those prime requisites for enjoyment, a healthy mind and a healthy body.

Her cousin, on the other hand, the petted heiress of a wealthy and widowed mother, and the flattered pupil of a fashionable governess, was already, at thirteen, a complete specimen of a modern fine lady; vain, selfish, indolent, and only to be roused into exertion by the desire of display. Lady Selby, idolizing mother though she were, had yet, upon a casual visit to her sister, been struck with the difference between the fretful languor of Caroline and the good-humored cheerfulness of her cousin, and had invited Lucy to the Park, with a latent though unacknowledged wish that the animation and sweetness, which she found so delightful, might prove contagious; and partly from a desire to keep the girls constantly together, partly from a

hint from her family physician on the advantage of air and exercise, arose the charge to Lucy, not to visit the conservatory or the flower-garden, the pheasantry or the aviary, without Miss Caroline.

Well, however, as Lucy loved flowers and birds, and much as she had heard of the splendor of her cousin's collection, she contrived to find plenty of amusement in her morning's walk without their aid. Her friend, the old Bailiff, enraptured with her frankness, her gayety, her intelligence, and her ignorance, (for the youthful ignorance that seeks for information is always charming,) led her half over his own territories, the home farm, and not only gave her the desired instruction on grains and grasses, but volunteered a lesson on shrubs and trees, and timber in general, from the budding hazel to the rugged oak, to which his little grandson, a lad about nine years of age, who accompanied them, added a practical lecture on those inhabitants of tree-tops, called birds, with their sayings and doings, in the shape of songs and birds-nests; so that between her two companions, Edward and his grandfather, Lucy had never been more gratified.

This happened on a Tuesday. Wednesday was still windy, and Caroline still indisposed for

any exercise, but that of the shawl-dance, so that Lucy was fain to have recourse to the escort of Edward, who had arrived to offer his services, with a present of a string of birds-eggs, half a dozen yards long, his prime treasure, which, had it been a rope of pearls, he would equally have offered, so completely had Lucy's sweet manners won his heart. He was but too happy to accompany her about the park, and show her the dells where the primroses grew thickest, and the sunny banks, where the purple violets literally covered the ground. Thursday was damp; and Caroline, afraid of taking cold, stuck to her embroidery and her shawl-dance. Friday was cold, and still Miss Caroline dared not venture. Saturday was sunny, intolerably sunny, and the fair heiress feared for her complexion. Sunday the weather was perfect, neither windy nor sunny, nor damp nor cold, but Miss Selby having ridden to church in a close carriage, she could not walk. Monday was the day of the ball, when of course its young heroine never dreamt of encountering additional fatigue; and Lucy, returning from her ramble, was thinking, with mingled pleasure and amusement, that, after that evening, she would stand some chance of seeing the birds and the flowers which she had now been a week in the

house without catching a glimpse of; and that, at all events, she should, after that night, see no more of the shawl-dance, of which (all Taglioni as Caroline thought herself) her cousin began to be a little weary; when, on entering the hall, she found the whole family in confusion and dismay, surgeons sent for, the ball postponed, and the entire household in consternation. Practising the eternal shawl-dance, and using, for the first time, the new and splendid scarf which had been sent from London for the purpose, Miss Selby's foot had caught in the drapery; and after refusing, for a whole week, to go a hundred yards from the hall door with her visitor, in order to preserve herself in beauty for this ball, a worse misfortune than taking cold, or looking coarse, or tanned, or freckled, had befallen the fair Terpsichore—she had sprained her ankle; and the Taglioni dance remained undanced, and the festival was put aside, whilst its poor heroine continued, during the showery month of April, and the flowery month of May, just lifted from her bed to the sofa, fretting over her compelled and therefore irksome confinement, and longing for nothing so much as the power of getting out with Lucy, her kind and tender nurse, to the conservatory and the pheasantry, the aviary and

the flower-garden, making virtuous resolutions against indolence and shawl-dances, and agreeing in the sage moral deduced by her cousin from this accident, that nothing can be worse for young ladies than the power of having, at all times and upon all occasions, their own way.

2*

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

PAPA'S LETTER

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"A LETTER from papa, a *real letter*—paper, and ink, and all!—a *real letter* from dear papa in England, to his little ones at Philadelphia! what a treat! how happy we all are! nothing in the world *could* make us more happy."

"Yes, Ellen," replied the eldest girl, "there is something would make us more happy."

"More happy!" repeated Ellen.

"Yes, more happy—Papa, himself. Only fancy how happy, and how grateful we shall be to God, when he returns."

"I wonder what he will bring me from London," said Robert, who, being the boy, and the only boy in the family, was, I fear, somewhat selfish.

Emily, the eldest daughter, smiled, and replied, "You may be sure papa will bring to us whatever will be most useful for each to possess; and, above all, he will bring back that affection,



which, while it protects, guides and blesses us. I do pray for his return," she added, fervently, and then, lowering her voice, continued, "and I pray that it may be quickly, when I see how ill and pale mamma looks."

"I do not think mamma looks ill," said little Ellen, stealing up to her sister, and placing her rosy mouth close to her ear—"I do not think mamma looks ill; see how pink her cheek is now, and how her eyes brighten while she reads papa's letter." Emily sighed heavily, and Ellen crept to her mother, and, nestling her head in her lap, and twining her arm around the thin wrist, which rested on Mrs. Allan's knee, waited with much patience till she had finished.

"Now tell me all papa says," exclaimed the little girl joyfully, "tell me every word!" Mrs. Allan folded Ellen to her bosom, and while she pressed her lips on her fair brow, Ellen felt one or two tears fall upon her cheek; her little heart saddened, and she whispered, "Are you ill, mamma?" Mrs. Allan made no reply. "Is papa ill, mamma?" "No, dearest," answered her mother; "thank God, he is well and happy,—as happy as he can be away from his family. He has already bought for you, Robert, a most beautiful lathe, and all the tools you desired for your workshop."

Robert jumped up in ecstasy—"Oh, how happy I am! nothing shall ever make me unhappy when once papa comes home!"

"For you, Emily, he has purchased a piano, and pencils, and books, far superior to any that can as yet be procured here."

Emily's quick eye brightened, and she said, "How very grateful I am for his remembering me, when he had so many, many things to think of!"

"But you, Emily, knowing something of the uncertainty of human life, and the vanity of human wishes, do not, I hope, go so far as dear Robert, and say, that 'nothing shall ever make you unhappy when papa comes home.'"

While Mrs. Allan pronounced these words, she looked seriously at her daughter; Emily perfectly understood her, and her color deepened; she felt a sensation of suffocation in her throat, and, unable to restrain her feelings, hid her face in her mother's bosom, and wept bitterly. Robert looked sad and serious, and Ellen cried outright, from sweet childish sympathy, because her sister was so full of sorrow.

"My dearest Emmy," said Mrs. Allan, "I expected more fortitude from you—I see you understand that, from your dear papa's protracted absence, the probability is, that, when he returns,

you will have no mother. You, my beloved children, being constantly with me, are not sensible of the decay by which it has pleased God to warn me of approaching death; but I *feel it*. I have prayed to the Almighty fervently in the night time, and in the early morning's watch, that I might be spared a little, little longer—at least, until *his* return; but it is in vain—it is not God's will that I look upon my husband again in this world. *And his will be done.* Emily, my first dear child, say with me, '*His will be done.*' My Robert, you must not look so resolute even while the tears are running down your cheeks—bend your own inclinations to the mandate of the Lord, and say, '*His will be done!*' It is an early trial; but it will be sanctified to your good; it will teach you the vanity of human wishes, and I pray that it may make you all more and more united.—Emily is old enough;" but poor Mrs. Allan's feelings had exhausted her strength, and she fainted on her daughter's shoulder. Robert and Ellen began to scream and wring their hands, but Emily entreated them to be calm, and in humble imitation of that mother whom she so tenderly loved, and whose fortitude she endeavored to possess, she procured the necessary restoratives, and laid her on a couch. It was a beautiful

trait in Emily's character, the steadiness with which she labored to attain the most useful acquirement in the world—a command over self. How many persons have I seen actually useless members of society, from a want of what is called presence of mind! how many girls will stand still and scream, instead of rendering assistance! how many will shrink from the sight of a wound, instead of endeavoring to bind it up, and so relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures!

Women would do well to remember—nor can the truth be impressed upon them at too early an age—that all the brilliant accomplishments, all the solid information, all the learning in the world, are nothing worth, in comparison to a patient and cheerful temper, and an affection for, and perseverance in, the moral and domestic duties of life. Home ought to be the temple of a virtuous female; she may leave it occasionally, and be happy amid the beautiful fruits and flowers of the world; but let her, like the bee, gather honey from them all, and let that honey be reserved for her own dwelling, be it a palace or a cottage. No one felt and acted upon this principle more than Mrs. Allan; and neither the precept nor the example was lost upon Emily. It was really extraordinary to see the patience

and the wisdom of a girl who had just entered her fourteenth year; how she watched by her mother's sick bed, how she watched her brother's selfishness, and directed Ellen's ardent temper so that, instead of being a torment, she became a blessing to all around her; and above all, to observe the command she obtained over self—how she learned to restrain her tears when her mother spoke of dying—how she bent her own desires to the will of the Almighty, and how truly she said with heart and life, in the morning and the evening, at midnight and midday, “*Thy will be done.*” Yet Emily was far from being faultless; she had a high and haughty spirit, and sometimes a strong partiality for her own opinion. If I were not certain that my dear friend, Mrs. Hofland, would fill her annual with far prettier stories than I can write, I would tell the little American lasses, how Emily Allan combated her own faults, and how, in addition to her prayers, she desired that a right spirit might be renewed within her. Her mother continued growing worse and worse, and at last endured so much pain, that the physician began to doubt that her complaint was consumption: he was not by any means wedded to his own opinion, and suggested the propriety of having additional advice: in the mean time, letters again arrived

from England, and one in particular to Emily, from her father, saying who it was he desired might be consulted; and conjuring her to watch over her mother till his return, which would be immediate.

When the “new doctor,” as little Ellen called him, arrived, he said at once, that the physician had been at first mistaken, but now was in the right; that the complaint was not consumption, and that Mrs. Allan might yet be restored to her family, if she would submit to an operation: this the poor sufferer immediately consented to, but added, that, as Mr. Allan was about to return so much sooner than she had dared to expect, she would wait for his arrival. “I should not,” she added, “have strength to support it, if not attended by some relative, some one whose hand I might grasp, and feel that a relative was with me.”

“Mamma!” exclaimed Emily, “dear mamma, do not put it off; delay will only confirm this horrid disease; trust to *me*—I will stay with you, I will hold your hand, I will neither scream nor faint; trust me; I have seen you practise fortitude too frequently, not to know its advantage.”

The new doctor was a tall, thin, pale Frenchman, not quite so polite as Frenchmen are in

general, and a little sarcastic. “Ma foi, Mademoiselle,” he said, “you are very heroic; why, let me see, you cannot be twelve years old, and yet you talk of being present at an operation which I would not hardly suffer my junior pupils to attend!”

“I am fourteen, sir,” replied the little maid, drawing herself up to her full height; “I have had five teeth drawn without screaming; I have nursed my brother through the hooping-cough, and my sister in the measles.” She paused, and her color rose, and her voice faltered. “I have attended my mother for several months, nearly night and day, when I feared—believed—that God would take her from us—that my father would return to a desolate home!—and now, when a chance, a blessed chance, a more than chance presents itself, do you think, sir, that, because I am so very little of my age, I cannot have strength and firmness!” Again she paused, astonished at her own boldness, and not much relieved by the doctor’s patting her head, and then placing his hand under her chin, so as to turn upwards her blushing face; saying, “Well, my little maid, we shall see; the first part of your proposition is wise; no time can be lost, no time must be lost; to-morrow, I will see Mrs. Allan; she will not, for the sake of such

dear ties, trifle with her life." Soon after, he left the chamber.

Now every body in the world knows, that no young lady in her teens likes to be patted on the head. I have seen little girls of twelve turn up their noses at it; but to "Miss in her *teens*," it savors somewhat of an insult; whether Emily Allan did, or did not, look upon it in that light, I cannot pretend to say; but this I know, that before the "new doctor" descended to the hall, a light, small hand rested on his arm, and soft blue eyes were uplifted to his countenance.

"Doctor, can I do any thing to convince you that my fortitude, if you trust me to-morrow, will not fail?" inquired Emily.

"My dear, you are really a very surprising little person; but I would not trust one of my junior pupils to hold a patient's hand under such circumstances, lest they might shrink or tremble, and so lead the patient to suppose they were in imminent danger, when, perhaps, the danger was over."

"Sir," she persisted, "I know mamma well, and I know that, if I were with her, her desire to set me an example of fortitude, would conquer her feelings of pain, and enable her to support *her* sufferings better; and I also know that her tenderness for my feelings will prompt her to

wish me away, though you can imagine how, as she is far from her own relatives, she would naturally desire to have, as she said, some support in her hour of trial." The doctor looked astonished. "Put my resolution, sir, to any test you please; draw one, two, or three teeth, I will not flinch—they will grow again; I would part with this arm, if you would let me hold mamma's hands to-morrow!"

"You are so earnest, so affectionate, *ma petite*," replied the gentleman, "that though I have no inclination to draw your teeth, I would trust you; but it was only last week that one of my pupils got so nervous while assisting me in an operation upon a woman, that she was near losing her life from his inability to perform his duty!"

"Sir," exclaimed Emily, seizing his hand, "*she was not his mother!*" The worthy man was touched, for he said, "Go, you are a good child, a very good child; you must know my *Madelaine*; if it be possible, your mother shall be saved. I think you may be trusted."

"Shall I tell mamma so, sir?" "You may; but mind I am not quite certain; do not say what I have not said—do not add to it." "I have been taught, sir, that an exaggeration is only a shabby untruth," replied Emily "We will pray for

strength; and, dear, dear sir, I am sure if you agree, you will not repent having granted my request."

"That is a very extraordinary little girl," said the new doctor to the physician who had previously attended Mrs. Allan. "She is indeed; her mother has so well inculcated the benefits arising from self-possession, that I have been astonished at the fortitude she so systematically practises. She is worthy in that respect to be a descendant of the red Indians."—"O!" exclaimed the Frenchman, taking a huge pinch of snuff,—“O! we shall see!”

* * * * *

Have any of my young friends seen a dear and tender parent on the edge, the very brink of the grave?—have they watched day by day her hand grow more thin, her cheek more pale?—have they heard the blessed words of comfort from her lips?—have they observed how she clings to them with all a mother's tenderness; and yet, firmly believing in the wisdom of her Father, her heavenly Father, who gives her strength to support her sufferings, commits them to his protecting care, in full reliance on his mercy?—have they ever gathered for her sweet flowers, and then thought that even as the perfume and beauty was departing from those flowers, was

she whom they loved fading from the earth?—have they experienced all this, and then when they believed that the time was at hand, and that nothing short of a miracle could save her from the grave, has hope suddenly burst upon them, have they heard the blessed sound, “She may yet live!”—can they remember the sensations *that* sound created?

If they cannot, imagination can hardly portray what Mr. Allan’s children experienced, when the new doctor, and their old friend and physician, closely followed by Emily, entered Mrs. Allan’s room the next morning. I will not harrow up either my reader’s feelings, or my own, by details of the two hours’ agony.

Suffice it, that Emily was so far mistress of herself as to be declared the best girl in Philadelphia; which, English woman though I am, I am willing to admit, was as high praise as if she had been called the best girl—not quite in London, but certainly in half London, or whole Liverpool. From the position in which she was placed, she could only see her mother’s face, which she bathed with strong perfumes, and watched every varying tint with so much judgment, that to see her child’s calmness, sustained Mrs. Allan through the whole. When it was all over; when the assurance came upon her that

there was every probability of her beloved parent's recovery; when her aid was no longer necessary; when, through the influence of a powerful narcotic, that dear mother had fallen into a heavy sleep, the French doctor, who, for many hours, never left the room, carried the little heroine in a complete state of exhaustion to her chamber, where Ellen, with her face buried in cushions, was praying on her knees for dear mamma, and sturdy Robert, his lips white and trembling, was really unable to ask how his mother was.

When Emily recovered, what think you she saw on a chair by her bedside? "A letter from papa?" No—you little pale girl, guess; "A present from papa?" No—guess, Miss Rosylips, again.—Well, I am sure that sage little maid in the corner will surely make it out; can you tell? "No, ma'am." Then you all give it up? It was PAPA HIMSELF! what think you of *that* as a surprise?

"I can assure you, sir," said the French doctor to Mr. Allan, "if that young lady was a young gentleman, he ought to be brought up to be a physician; I wish you joy, sir, of your children!"

The thanksgiving in that house was great!

"And now," said Robert, "I may be happy;

but I have seen so much sorrow, that I will never build too much on any thing.”—“Except the goodness of God,” interrupted Emily; “and indeed we can never build too much on that, for whether in joy or sorrow, it is never failing.”

“You are always wise, Emily,” said Ellen.

“No,” she replied, “my heart is so full, that I could weep and dance, and all for joy, pure, pure joy. Do you know that in less than a week, our new doctor says mamma will be able to listen to the tone of my piano?”

WENTWORTH COTTAGE, FULHAM FIELDS,
September 13th, 1834.

THE YOUNG BASKET-MAKER

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY SARAH T. WAYLAND.

IN the county of Cavan, Ireland, lived a lady distinguished not less by her deeds of benevolence, than by the elevation of her rank. Lady Farnham—for that was her name—was one of those who value rank, fortune, and influence, as the means of alleviating misery, and elevating worth from the obscurity in which poverty often conceals it. Though the various avenues of pleasure, with her many allurements, were always open to her, she chose the more retired walks of usefulness, and in the planning and executing of good, found ample exercise for the energies of a highly-gifted mind.

On the estate of this lady lived a family of extreme poverty; that squalid, loathsome poverty, which too often excites our disgust at the time our hand is extended to its relief. The discerning eye will, however, sometimes distinguish among its victims the countenance which bespeaks a

mind destined to rise above the grovelling existence to which it is at present confined. Such was the face that presented itself to Lady Farnham, asking some trifling pittance, as she was one morning stepping into her carriage. Lady F. stopped, and looking at the boy for a moment, said, "But, my lad, cannot you *do* something? Cannot you *earn*, instead of *begging* your bread? Make me a basket; as soon as you have finished it, bring it here, and I will pay you well for it." The idea of earning what before had been received but as the pittance of charity, determined him at once to accomplish the task. This lady, thought Ned, will pay me; yes, she says she will pay me well, for what will be all my own work. I never did make a basket, but I *will try*, and I am sure I can make one. Did not this, my little readers, show that Lady F. had not mistaken in her judgment of Ned's face? A mean-spirited or lazy boy would not have reasoned thus; he would have said, I don't know how to make a basket, and I won't learn; I should then have to work, and I don't want to; I would rather get my living by begging, and that I'll do.

Ned went home, and set himself immediately to work at his basket. He encountered many difficulties, (for he had no one to teach him,) and though sometimes rather perplexed, he was never

entirely discouraged. Perseverance at last accomplished the task, and with a happy heart he tripped off with his basket, and with the eagerness of boyhood rang rather violently at the door of the mansion of that lady, whose kind voice, and encouraging smile, had prompted his undertaking. The footman, who answered to the bell, was one who had not been long in Lady F.'s employment, and had yet to learn that the poor and needy were never to be thrust from her door. Destitute of the penetration of his mistress, he regarded Ned merely as an obtrusive little pauper; and when he inquired whether he might not see the lady, who had promised to buy his basket, he replied, in a very surly manner, that no one there wanted to buy such a basket; that they could get much prettier and better ones at the shops. Ned's enthusiasm was not a little damped at this, and the tears gathered in his eyes, and he could not choke the grief which filled his heart, when the footman, pushing him from the threshold, shut the door upon him.

He was descending the steps slowly, unwilling still to yield his purpose, when, accompanied by a lad rather older than himself, whose looks Ned very much liked, he saw the very lady approaching. He looked at his basket, looked at her; joy beamed in his countenance, and as his eye

met the eye of the well-dressed, handsome lad that accompanied her, this, thought he, must be my dear good lady's son; how much he looks like her! She did not recognize Ned at first, but as soon as she saw the basket, she exclaimed, "Ah, my good boy, so you have made my basket;" and taking it from him, she commended its neatness, saying, he had done very well, and putting into his hand four times the value, told him to go on making baskets, and she would find him purchasers. Ned's frank, open face spoke more gratitude than he could find words to utter. Clarence looked on his dirty, shabby coat, and as he retired from the steps, "I wish, mother," said he, "that I could give that boy one of my suits, it would make him look so nice." His mother, though pleased with the feelings that dictated the proposal, did not favor his design, fearing she might excite vanity, when she wished rather to encourage a habit of industry, which would insure independence to its possessor. "My dear child," said she, "if I mistake not, that boy will soon clothe himself. The fruits of his industry will raise him above the necessity of wearing your clothes."

From this incident we may mark the dawn in Ned's fortune. Till this time he had never earned a farthing, nor known the pleasures of

independence. He felt something like self-respect as he walked home, resolving to expend his money in the purchase of materials in which he could improve his manufacture; and he determined he would make baskets, of which no one could say, that better or handsomer could be got.

He went to work industriously, and in a few days had two more completed, decidedly better than the first. These met the approving smile of his patroness, and ready purchasers. Thus Ned went on, adopting every hint of improvement, till his baskets were reputed the best and the prettiest that could be purchased in Cavan; and Ned, instead of the dirty, ragged little urchin, who used to be seen shivering at one time, and sunning himself at another, in the streets of his native village, was now the well-dressed, respectable lad, whose industry and perseverance were the praise of all.

Though Ned was industrious, he had hours of relaxation, and they were chiefly spent in producing the sweetest sounds of which it was capable, from an old violoncello which had been given him. It frequently needed repairs, which his own ingenuity accomplished, and he at length became so familiar with its parts, that the thought soon suggested itself that he could make

one. The idea no sooner occurred, than he immediately employed all his leisure in accomplishing his design. Here, however, his difficulties were more formidable than in his first efforts of basket-making; but his indefatigable perseverance suffered him not to relinquish it; and after several unsuccessful efforts, he at length conquered all difficulties; bought a favorite Irish air, and practised it on his new violoncello, till to his ear the execution was such, that he thought he would venture to perform it in the ear of his patroness and friend.

He contrived many plans by which he hoped to produce an agreeable surprise to Lady F., who had remained quite ignorant of the subject which had wholly engrossed his thoughts for some time. At last he decided on the following expedient: the windows of Lady Farnham's boudoir opened on a beautiful and retired part of the grounds, to which he knew, by the kind interposition of Clarence, he might have access without difficulty; he therefore took the first opportunity to acquaint him with his design. The benevolent-minded boy entered at once into the project, and informed him that his mother had for several days been confined to her room with a slight indisposition, but that she was now better; and he portrayed in glowing colors the

agreeable surprise it would occasion. The following evening was the time resolved on for the execution of the plan.

Clarence, who was fast imbibing his mother's tastes, knew well how to gratify her, and had selected with care the most beautiful flowers of the season, and arranged them with much taste in the vases of her boudoir. One, an antique, which stood on a table, in which were usually found some of her favorite authors, he had filled with wild flowers which Ned and he had gathered that morning. Though a favorite retreat of his mother's, she had not entered it for more than a week. This evening Clarence mentioned his flowers, as an inducement for her to visit it. Always alive to these little delicate attentions, she very readily complied, and, charmed with the variety of the vases, she proposed their remaining the evening together, and requested Clarence to read some passages from her favorite author, Fenelon. With this request he cheerfully complied; but soon his mother's attention was arrested by the tones of a violoncello, which commenced one of their national airs, and with uncommon effect, from the very fine voice by which it was accompanied. "Clarence, my dear," said she, "who can this be? This must be a device of yours; but who is it that performs so

finely his part on the occasion?" Concealment was no longer necessary, and Clarence told the whole story, from which his mother learned that the poetic fancy, and delicate compliment, originated with Neddy, as she kindly called him.

Lady F.'s sensibility was touched by the incident. There was the mingling with this expression of gratitude, a delicacy of feeling which she had not expected, and the modesty which had concealed from her, till this time, talents of such high promise, commanded her admiration.

Clarence, who was immediately sent by his mother to invite Neddy up into her room, soon returned, accompanied by the young minstrel, an appellation by which he is thenceforward more properly designated. He entered with diffidence, and with an embarrassment, which, when an ignorant lad, he had never felt, and which gave him additional interest in the eyes of his kind friend. She received him with great benignity, and the pleasure she expressed in his performance, inspired him with more confidence in himself. She recommended to him several pieces for practice, and named a particular time at which she would expect him to come and perform them.

He left his kind patroness with brighter antici-

pations than had ever before dawned upon his depressed fortunes. He did not despise the humble occupation which had raised him from pauperism to comfort and competence, but visions of higher promise now flitted across his fancy, and he ventured to hope, that diligence and application might secure to him success in his new career, equal to that which had attended him in the humble employment he was now about to relinquish.

The interval till his next appearance at Ainsford Manor, was spent partly in his old occupation, but a larger portion of his time at his violoncello. His ambition was to gratify his patroness—to realize her highest wishes. He looked forward to the time with fearful misgivings; and when the evening arrived, he was almost determined to offer some excuse through the medium of Clarence; but at last the better resolution prevailed; and at the appointed hour Ned might have been seen ringing at the same door from which, a year or two before, he had been so cruelly repulsed by a proud menial. The servant by whom he was now received, knew too well the wishes of his mistress, not to treat him with the courtesy of a guest. But when he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presented by Clarence to his mother, he was

embarrassed to find her surrounded by several ladies and gentlemen, whom he had never before seen. She perceived his embarrassment, and with that ready tact which good-breeding always suggests, soon withdrew his attention from himself to surrounding objects. And here let me suggest, for the benefit of my young readers, that an unembarrassed, easy manner, at any time, but particularly in situations new to us, can be acquired only by a forgetfulness of ourselves, in the effort to become interested in the objects around us.

The kindness with which the guests of Lady F. addressed our little hero, and the ease and urbanity of their manners, made him soon forget that he was in the society of those whose birth and rank were so superior to his own. There was an indescribable charm thrown over every object around him. The persons, manners, and conversation of Lady F.'s guests, were those of the beings which his fancy had created, while the realities of life, with him, were circumscribed by the walls of an Irish cabin. Could the scene be real, or was it still the idle creation of his fancy? The conviction of its reality was soon forced upon him, by his patroness addressing him as her young minstrel, and requesting his performance of one of her favorite Irish airs,

adding, "My friends prefer the simplicity of our own Irish melodies, to either Italian or French operas; and I will accompany you with my harp, in one of those airs you have lately been practising." With extreme diffidence, but with a resolution to do his best, he took his instrument, and succeeded beyond his friend's highest expectations. The praise was kindly, but judiciously bestowed; not calculated to excite vanity, but to stimulate to renewed exertion. Three successive efforts were such as to convince Lady F. and her friends, that his talent was of no common order, and that their efforts to develop it would be rewarded with success. And when our young minstrel retired, it was most cheerfully resolved to give him every advantage which rank and wealth could command.

A few years found our hero in manhood, the welcome guest in the circles of the intelligent and polite, and the accomplished performer on various instruments. He continued always to aim at excellence, and was never satisfied with mediocrity. He is now surrounded by a family of whom he may be proud. He has aimed to make them virtuous and intelligent, and has succeeded. All the real elegancies and refinements of life grace his domicile. Ned, or shall we now call him Mr. —, has a daughter, who inherits

all her father's genius. This talent has not been cultivated at the expense of others, neither is it exerted to attract the public eye. It has often driven care from the brow of the disconsolate, and soothed the breast heaving with sorrow; it has made their own little circle at Cavan the delightful resort of those who make a true appreciation of worth, and love to see genius rise superior to the obstacles with which poverty and obscurity often surround it.

Such is the history of NEDDY OF THE BASKET, a name which is still often given him, and of which he is not ashamed. His kind patroness is still living; and I have seen those who have seen them all. I have recorded his story, in the hope that my young readers will draw from it an important moral. Diligence and perseverance will give success in any pursuit to which our attention is directed.

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN

BY WILLIAM L. STONE.

“He took the child,
And bore it to his couch, and kissed it ; flung
Himself upon his knees, and sobbed.”

LESSING.

“Remember'st thou my greyhound true ?
O'er holt, and hill, there never flew—
From slip, or leash, there never sprang—
More fleet of foot, more sure of fang.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I LOVE a dog. As Otway says, “They are honest creatures, and will ne'er betray their masters.” Byron, too, in one of the closing conversations of his at once splendid and wretched career, has echoed the sentiment. And well might the noble bard speak a word in favor of the race, since, in the gloom and terrible desolation of his own proud spirit, during his last illness, his favorite dog was his chief comfort ; his most attentive and sympathizing friend. It is not, however, one of your ill-bred and ugly “curs of low degree,” which,

like a groveling politician, snarls and snaps at every thing coming in his way, that wakes my affection; but a noble canine fellow, of character and spirit; one who has been well bred, knows his place, and possesses, what many men do not, intelligence and self-respect. Dogs there are of such quality, who are entitled to rank above the grade of a common servant, since many are the instances in the checkered course of human life, in which they reach the moral dignity of companion and friend.

Puss is a treacherous animal, notwithstanding her popularity (if a tabby, or a tortoise-shell) with the princesses of Persia, and the dark-eyed beauties of Circassia. There is no trusting her. Let her purr and fondle ever so affectionately one moment, the next may find her spitting spitefully in your face, and her cruel talons lodged fast in your cheek.

But not so with Killdeer. He is the friend of man, and his fidelity is incorruptible. His attachment is purely personal, and enduring—uninfluenced by changes of time, or place, or circumstance. Independently of his beauty, he possesses all the internal qualities that conciliate the affections of man. Studying every look and motion of his master, though ever so great a tyrant, to do his pleasure—licking fondly the

hand upraised to strike him—disarming resentment by submission, and, by his imploring looks, changing even his persecutor into a protector. Courageous and formidable to his enemies, yet the native ferocity of his disposition is all kindness to his master, to whose caprices he is the most forbearing, and to whose service and interest the most devoted—obeying his commands with alacrity and ardor, and exerting all his talents and energies to the fullest extent, and without grudging, at his bidding.

In his disposition and conduct, moreover, lessons in the moral virtues are not only educed, but are often enforced by striking illustrations. He is strong without insolence; friendly without selfishness; beautiful without vanity; true in his affection; grateful for every favor; repaying all the kindness bestowed upon him; generous in his disposition; too honorable to do a mean action, and too noble to betray; compassionate in adversity; remembering only the benefits he has received; harboring no resentments, and forgetful of injuries—thus exemplifying, as it were, the principle of the heathen moralist, by sculpturing favors upon marble, and writing insults in the sand.

Is it then wonderful, that generous minds should love an animal of such noble qualities?

Nay, is it not rather a matter of surprise, that a creature so faithful, true, and kind, should be so frequently and greatly abused? In the Eastern world, where they believe Mahomet to have been a prophet, and where the ladies love cats, it is perhaps no cause of marvel. But I must confess, from the high estimation in which I hold Killdeer, I have never been able to perceive why it should in any wise excite the ire of the Franks to be denounced by the men of Islam as "Christian Dogs;" and it vexes me exceedingly to find, even in civilized countries, men—sour and pale-faced fellows—without a spark of generous feeling, or a drop of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms—always growling at dogs, worse than the dogs growl themselves—and ever ready to repay their affectionate caresses, their zeal and industry in the service of man, by kicks, and other demonstrations of cold and insensible barbarity.

True, indeed, a justification of these brutalities, and even for knocking them on the head, with as little remorse as though they were our enemies instead of friends, is often found, or sought to be found, in the cry of "mad dog;" but if the truth were known, it is believed that, in nine cases out of ten, the poor animal is

the victim of calumny. He becomes maddened by his unfeeling persecutors, and should he chance to bite any body, the case would only give additional point to the clever satire of Goldsmith :—

“The man recovered from the bite ;
The dog it was that died.”

There was once an artist in Switzerland, who was called the Raphael of Cats ; and it was said to Richard Heber, of the late Sir Walter Scott, that he might, with equal justice, be called the Wilkie of Dogs. Sir Walter was one of the most kind-hearted and benevolent, as well as illustrious of men. How he loved his dogs ! And how happily and effectively, in arranging the machinery of his beautiful tales, has he introduced them among the dramatis personæ of those wonderful creations of his genius ! Hark to the music of the hounds of Fitz James, in the *Lady of the Lake* ; or listen to Lord Ronald's deer-hounds in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas ! Then there are the venerable patriarchs, Pepper and Mustard, both claiming our regard ; Hobbie Elliott's Killbuck, and Old Wolf, of Avenel Castle ; the excellent and simple-minded Mr. Oldbuck's Juno, by

whom he was now and then deprived of his toast and butter; to say nothing of the greyhounds of Cedric the Saxon, or of Captain Clutterbuck's shrewd spaniel, who never failed to quiz his master, when making a bad shot, and missing to bring down the bird. These were all dogs of renown, destined to live in story and in song as long as their masters, and no doubt as deservedly.

When the noble house of the De Medici were midway in their brilliant career, adding lustre to the mitre by their munificent patronage of learning and the arts, and dignity to the papal throne by their acquisitions of power—rivalling even the ancient splendor of imperial Rome—dogs of blood were held in distinguished consideration. History informs us of one in particular, who sometimes executed the duties of a butler in the palace. He attended one of the princes at the banqueting table, changed the plates, and brought wine to his munificent patron, upon the salver, without spilling a drop from the glass in which it sparkled.

At the court of Prussia's great warrior, Frederick, likewise, dogs were no unimportant personages. That monarch was once saved from capture by the Austrians, by the wisdom and sagacity of a favorite dog; and ever

afterwards he treated the race with marked distinction at his court. His palace was filled with the finest dogs he could procure; he fed them at his own table, and from his own hand; and during his hours of relaxation, frequently preferred their society to that of his courtiers. And to the credit of the quadrupeds it may be noted, that the biped courtiers were usually more fawning and sycophantic than their canine rivals.

But as with men, so with dogs—much depends upon their training, and their associations. If the latter have been coarse and vulgar, the dog will betray his rusticity;—with the peasant, he becomes a peasant;—and if he moves in a more elevated and genteel circle, his importance is increased in a corresponding degree—he assumes the airs and consequence of a gentleman, or, like a nobleman, stands upon his dignity like a De Medicis. One circumstance must at this point be recorded to his disadvantage. If his master is a miser, turning a deaf ear to the wail of distress, and barring his doors against the poor, the dog will spurn the beggar also, and bark him from the premises. This looks hard-hearted and unamiable; but an extenuation of the fault, if not an excuse, is perhaps to be found

in the constant and unshaken exercise of the paramount virtue of fidelity. Nor is a dog bound to know at all times the pecuniary circumstances of his master.

Buffon, and the Encyclopedists, allow the canine race no higher mental qualities than mere instinct. But I must insist upon something beyond this. If not possessed exactly of reasoning faculties, dogs are certainly susceptible of degrees of intellectual improvement, bordering upon what some of the Occidental colleges would consider a liberal education, and disclosing talents far beyond the common range of the brute creation. They have been taught to dance, as well as to hunt—and even a Frenchman cannot move in the mazes of the quadrille or the cotillion, without understanding something of musical numbers. They have been taught to play at cards,—to assist their masters in tricks of legerdemain, and almost to cast figures in judicial astrology; and justice requires me to add, that I never saw a dog engaged as an assistant conjurer, who did not seem entitled to more respectful consideration than his master.

But whether they are able to read the stars, or not, there is at least one example, proving their capacity to acquire a knowledge of

language, if not of letters. Leibnitz gives an interesting account of a dog who was taught to speak, and the facts were investigated and sanctioned by the French Academy. He could call intelligibly for tea, coffee, and chocolate, for his master and mistress; and this branch of his education was pursued, until he could articulate upwards of thirty words; but impartial truth constrains me to admit, that he was rather a truant pupil, and more fond of other *pursuits* than those of literature. This was a Saxon dog, and his reluctance to prosecute his studies might have arisen from aversion to the hard syllables and uncouth sounds of the German language. The liquid melody of the Italian, or even the English, might have pleased him better.

With the science of phrenology, I am not aware that any of the canine race have, as yet, become acquainted; but, in physiognomy, they are remarkably quick and discriminating. Lavater, though more precise and scientific, never equalled an intelligent dog in the readiness and accuracy with which he will read the human countenance. The most sagacious child could not so quickly observe the gathering frown of displeasure upon the brow of the offended parent, as it would be noted by a well

instructed dog; nor would it sooner discern the indications of returning good will, or exhibit a greater pleasure in receiving and reciprocating the playful caress. A dog, moreover, will read a direction or command, or understand the desire of his master, from the movement of a muscle, or the glance of his eye, much sooner than the same silent expressions would be comprehended by a child, or even by an adult of ordinary perceptions.

It has been asserted by some physiologists, that man is the only animal that laughs—the only animal possessing the power of arranging that delightful concentration of the muscles of the face which forms the smile, or breaks forth into the more forcible manifestation of pleasure, called laughter. I deny the position. Dogs are fond of merriment, and possess the power of the inarticulate expression thereof, in no small degree. They do not indeed break out into the obstreperous *horse-laugh*, as it is called, being dogs; but no animal, biped or quadruped, carnivorous or omnivorous, has a more obvious and ready faculty of manifesting the sensations of joy and gladness, than a dog. His countenance beams with benevolence; it is often rendered agreeable, and even animated, by playful smiles,—quiet, it is true,—

but full of meaning; and there is sometimes an archness, a sly humor withal, disclosed by a laughing imp sitting in one corner of his eye, showing him to be full of fun and mischief—wicked dogs, but without malice. Not that I would deny the existence, now and then, of a very sad dog also. I once knew a dog of this character. He lost his good name by telling a lie. I forget exactly the process; but the fact is not the less certain. He had been placed as a sentinel in charge of a beef-steak, to which he took a fancy, and in an unlucky moment his appetite overcame his integrity. He ate up the steak, and actually and successfully charged the breach of trust upon another dog, his innocent companion. Lying is classed with the meanest of vices, as the young reader may well suppose, from the circumstance, that even a dog lost his character by telling but a single one.

I have likewise recently fallen upon another instance, in which a dog has ascertained to his sorrow, that “evil communications corrupt good manners.” Within the last four or five years, a dog was confined in the new jail of Glasgow, in the company of his master, it is true,—but chiefly on account of his own peccadilloes. Being a pickpocket himself, the master taught

the dog altogether to forget the nice distinctions in the laws of *meum* and *tuum*; and the dog became a greater proficient than the man. During the occasional unlucky mischances in the professional career of the master, the dog had shared his imprisonment, and while thus associating with rogues and vagabonds of every description and degree, he was trained to great perfection in the mysteries of the trade. His practice was to steal valuable articles, such as watches and the like, and bring them to his master—concealing them in his mouth. But when pursued, or he had any reason to suspect he was observed, the dog would in no wise recognize his master, passing and disregarding him,—such was the perfection of his training,—as though an utter stranger. So numerous were his depredations, and so constant his escapes, that a system of *espionage* was, from necessity, established over him; and when at length he was believed to have stolen a watch, he was adroitly and quietly pursued, until his master was seen to receive from his trusty agent the property that had been feloniously taken. In the issue, the master was sentenced to transportation, and the jury rendered a supplemental verdict, recommending the dog either to the military execution of being shot, or the more

degrading punishment of imprisonment for life. This singular case, while it proves much in support of the intellectual capacity of dogs, also teaches an important lesson to legislators and magistrates. It affords a strong practical illustration of the evils of the present system of prison discipline, and the importance of separating and classifying prisoners before trial, instead of confining the old offender and the young, the hardened felon and the juvenile delinquent, indiscriminately together.

These cases, however, are exceptions to the general character of dogs, who, as we have seen, are endowed with many endearing and noble qualities—possessing most of the virtues, and but few of the vices of man. I have already ascribed to them a higher order of mental resource, than is usually understood by the term instinct. If, according to Smellie, sensation implies a sentient principle, or mind, it follows that whatever *feels* has mind. This proposition, however, is questionable philosophy in its full extent; and the faculty I am aiming to establish, might perhaps be justly denominated an innate moral sense, internal teaching, or the light of nature. On the score of feeling, there is no animal of more tender compassion, of more exquisite sensibility, than the dog. He is not a

weeping philosopher, I admit, but he can weep as well as cry. His expressions of sorrow are exceedingly touching, and his grief is often too deep to be passionate; he becomes subdued and pensive, and vents the tear at once "so limpid and so meek," as to excite the sympathy of the beholder. So far as feeling, then, is concerned, the dog has his full share; and if it require mind, or something approximating very nearly to it, to plan a train of actions for the accomplishment of a given result, or to employ a definite means to obtain a definite end, the testimony of the existence of such faculty in the dog is most ample. Not to dwell upon the instances in the books, where the celebrated Edinburgh dog was taught by a pastry cook to go to his master for a penny, with which he would return and purchase a pie of that price, for the gratification of his own palate—a traffic that was kept up for many months; or the dog who caught the idea from the mendicants, of daily ringing the bell of a French convent for his dinner; or a hundred others that might be noted,—one or two cases, which I believe have never been in print, shall suffice upon this point. My late lamented friend S——, of Hoboken, had a terrier named Bounce, who yet lives in the family. Some five or six years ago, Bounce came home sadly maimed in

the leg. His wound was dressed, the limb bound up, and in due season entirely cured. Several weeks afterwards, Bounce returned from his afternoon's ramble, accompanied by a friend in distress, another dog, who had also been cruelly hurt in the leg. Bounce brought his unfortunate companion to his mistress, who had acted as his own surgeon; and the actions of both animals rendered it perfectly obvious, that the lame one had presented himself, on the invitation of the other, to be cured. Of course poor Tray's wounded limb was taken good care of.* Another case, more striking, though not more curious, is the following:—"A gentleman in this city, a few years ago, owned a remarkably fine Newfoundland dog, of large size, pleasing countenance, and great sagacity. He sometimes graced the boards of the Park theatre, in a sea piece, in which a drowning person was to be rescued. The dog seemed to think himself on his own island and in his own element again, and played to the life; nor was he the least respectable of the dramatis personæ, as it may well be believed. Boatswain was very serviceable to the

* In the Boston improved edition of Buffon, I find two similar instances mentioned, one happening in Leeds, and the other in France.

family of his owner in various ways, and among other errands, he was frequently sent to the Fulton market, with a basket, and directions to the butcher, upon a paper, what to send. Nor was he ever known to betray his trust. On one occasion, as he was leisurely trotting home with his basket, containing a fine sirloin steak, he was rudely beset by a bevy of hungry and ill-mannered whelps and curs, who attempted a highway robbery in the first degree. Boatswain at first looked down upon them with scorn; but at length being annoyed by their conduct, and rather impatient, he determined to chastise their insolence. His difficulty, however, was how to proceed without endangering the family dinner. Should he set the basket down in the street, one cur might seize and run off with it, while he was administering a salutary discipline to another. But before he reached Nassau street, he saw a door open. A bright thought flashed upon him. He darted into the house, and setting the basket down in the hall, sprang back into the street, and gave the curs who had disturbed the equanimity of his temper, a sound thrashing. Having thus dispersed them, he returned into the house, took up his basket, and jogged home with all suitable composure.

I have just spoken of the humor of the dog.

There are instances in which he has shown the broadest indications of positive waggery, as in the case of Hughes, the English comedian. Hughes owned a very intelligent dog, whose sagacity was remarkable. It happened that his master had, on a certain occasion, lent one of his own wigs to a brother of the sock and buskin. Calling upon him some time afterwards, with his usual companion, the dog, the latter was observed to eye his master's friend with great attention; and it so happened, that he then had the borrowed wig upon his head. When, however, Mr. Hughes returned, the dog remained behind; and seizing a favorable moment, he sprang upon his shoulders, and seizing the wig, made off with it,—leaving the actor with a naked poll,—to the infinite amusement of the company.

In music, what ear so readily touched with the stirring notes of the winding horn! Nor are they indifferent to the kindred art of painting. Buffon relates a circumstance of a dog's instantly recognizing the picture of his mistress, which he accidentally saw long after her decease. All his early impressions and remembrances returned, and he caressed the picture as he would have done his mistress. Another instance has just come to my knowledge while writing this article. Mr. William S. Mount, a promising

young artist of this city, having just completed a portrait of the Rev. Mr. Carmichael, at Jamaica, (L. I.) and placed it in the sun to dry, it caught the attention of the worthy clergyman's dog, who instantly recognized it, barked, fawned upon it, and after looking most fully in his supposed master's face, wagged his tail, and lay down by the frame, with the strongest indications of affectionate regard.

But, after all, it is the extraordinary sagacity, the untiring perseverance, the strong affection, and the daring intrepidity of the dog, in rescuing man from danger and death, that entitles him to our highest regard, and our warmest gratitude. In all ages and countries, where the dog has been the companion of man, has the latter been in this way laid under the heaviest obligations to the former. Whether among the snows and avalanches of the Great St. Bernard—the icebergs of the polar region—or the stormy seas of Newfoundland—the wilds of America, or the denser population of Europe—he is the same untiring and faithful servant and friend of our race; and a volume might easily be filled with examples in illustration of the remark. Who has not admired the character, and wept over the cruel fate of Llewellyn's hound, whose memory lives in the immortal verse of Camp-

bell! Who has not rejoiced in the sagacity, and strong sense of justice, of the dog of Montargis—who, his master having been murdered, discovered the courtier who had committed the deed, by seizing upon him whenever he came in his way—until, at length, suspicion having been excited against him, the king of France ordered a judicial combat between the dog and the villain, who was overcome by the mastiff, and died confessing his crime! And what American youth but has pored over the tale of the wounded officer in the American revolution, who fell in the woods, and was saved by the sagacity and perseverance, under every discouragement, of his dog! My present purpose, however, is not to quote former anecdotes, but to add a new one for the next edition of Percy.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, when the tide of emigration had just commenced flowing from New England into Ohio, among the young and enterprising farmers who were directing their faces westward—"the world all before them where to choose,"—was a man by the name of Stanley. He had married a buxom spinster, of suitable age and congenial character, with whom, gathering up his small stock of household stuffs, he commenced his journey to the Eden beyond the Alleghanies. With the

exception of his oxen and his cart—his wife, and the first infant pledge of their affection—and one other friend, who shall be named presently—Frank Stanley carried with him, literally, THE YANKEE INHERITANCE, and nothing more—HIS FATHER'S BLESSING, AND HIS OWN WITS. But Frank and his wife were happy in each other; they had youth and health on their side; he had a strong arm and a stout heart, and both were enterprising and industrious. Many such were numbered among the emigrants from New England to the great West, before whose sinewy arms the forests have disappeared, as if by magic—while the virgin soil, thus opened to the sun, has yielded its fruits more luxuriant, and rich, and precious, than the golden products of the Hesperides. Many, too, who have thus led the march of empire, and with advantages of no greater promise than those of Frank Stanley, have subsequently risen to affluence—to stations of rank and power;—have become Governors, and Senators, and Judges—discharging their duties with integrity and intelligence, and thus affording a beautiful commentary upon the genius and practical operation of our political system.

Frank pushed forward with vigor into the wilds, inflexible in his purpose, now that he had

torn himself and family from kindred and the parental home, of making no permanent halt until he should discover a location exactly to his liking. His wife had all possible confidence in his judgment, and a heart of equal resolution with his own. Having staked their all, therefore, upon the undertaking, the distance of a few miles, or even leagues, greater or less, into the wilderness, would make but little ultimate difference in their situation, since the current of emigration was already rolling onward with a depth and volume forbidding the idea of a lengthened solitary residence in any district east of the Missouri. He had heard, moreover, of those vast and fertile openings, called prairies, unencumbered by forests, and of course susceptible, with but little labor, of receiving the plough, and yielding speedy returns.

Often did he stop to admire the picturesque views among the luxuriant valleys of the Ohio, the richness of which was attested by the enormous growth of the forest-trees, towering to the skies, and the rank herbage beneath. But still he pursued his course until a brighter light broke in upon the mellow and grateful gloom of the forest, and he soon found himself upon the margin of one of those immense

plains of which he was in search, spreading as far as the eye could reach, like a sea of verdure; the tall and luxuriant grass waving over its surface in the breeze, like the undulations of the ocean, when sinking from a tempest into a calm. The hearts of both beat high with expectation; they had eyes for the picturesque, and the materials of poetry in their souls, although, like the Yankee with his instrument, they did not know exactly how to get the music out. Having soon emerged from the forest, so as to command a view of the scene before them, both were for a long time lost in astonishment. They were standing upon the confines of a noble plain, on which the eye gazed until the dim verdant outline mingled with the blue sky in the distance. Sprinkled over the vast expanse were numerous spots of timbered lands, standing like islands in an ocean of meadow, some circular, some square, and others again triangular, or of various irregular forms—now spreading into extended woodlands, and now reduced to the size of a copse, or forming a small clump of trees, relieving the vision, and just large enough for variety and beauty. In various directions were herds of wild cattle, grazing on the plain, or ruminating here and there under the shade

of the wooded-islands, or the points of the surrounding forests, jutting out upon the prairie like small peninsulas, or rather like the irregular indentations of a level coast of the sea. It was to the emigrants a glorious sight—excelling all the descriptions they had heard in anticipation, and worth a journey, even from the “land of steady habits,” to behold.

Here, then,—for I find the details of my story already call for abridgment,—did our worthy emigrants, after a suitable examination of the localities, and the discovery of a sweet spring of water, which gushed from a projecting cliff at no great distance, determine to cast their lot, for better or for worse, as they had previously taken each other in the presence of the parson. Their humble domicil—which, by the by, has long since given place to a stately mansion, standing in a grove near the church, the spire of which is clearly seen in the picture—their humble domicil, as I have just said, was erected upon one of the most delightful spots in creation. It stood upon a knoll in the edge of the forest, from which the occupants could at all times enjoy the contemplation of an almost boundless prospect. The prairie, of which the reader has already been presented with a bird’s-eye view, was apparently so level, as to be mis-

taken for a perfect plain ; but yet rolling into swells and gentle declinations, sufficient to carry the water from the surface, with a slight, though almost imperceptible, slope to the south. During the whole year, excepting a very brief winter, it was covered with grass of the rankest growth, and the dark-green isolated woodlands, already mentioned, more regularly planted, as a stranger would at first imagine, than though they had sprung up by chance, and yet far more beautiful in their irregularity, than they would have been had their disposition amidst the ocean of verdure been designated by art ; the landscape was altogether one of surpassing loveliness ;—a lake and mountain would have made it glorious.

We have now arrived at the proper stage of our story, to introduce another member of Mr. Stanley's household—a friend of whose existence the reader has already received a slight intimation. This was a large, shaggy mastiff, as generous in his disposition as he was strong, resolute, and beautiful. The mastiff is a noble variety of the canine race, and was in high repute among the Romans, for magnanimity, courage, and strength. They are amiable, always trust-worthy, and exceedingly vigilant and faithful when left in charge. Rover—for that was the name of Frank Stanley's mastiff—was the finest of his

species. His watchfulness was untiring, and no bribe could induce him to betray. He was not savage, and yet was as courageous as the bulldogs of Great Britain, at the time of the Roman conquest; but never showing his power, nor calling it into exertion unless provoked by injuries. Such was the dog Rover, who has become the hero of my tale. He was playful, and when his services were not required in the discharge of higher duties, he would bound off to cultivate an acquaintance with a c' stant herd of buffaloes, or sport with the birds among the tangled grass of the prairie. Thus, often might Rover have been seen—

“ His nose in air erect ; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds ; his quartered ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried.”

In many parts of Europe, especially in Scotland, and on the continent, it is customary for the females of the small farmers to labor with the men in the fields. With the Germans in this country, the same usage prevails; and, also, in a greater or less degree, among the pioneers of our new settlements. The reader will not be surprised, therefore,—more especially, since the fact is indicated in the picture I am illustrating,

—to learn that, in the early residence of Frank Stanley upon his ample, though, at the same time, secluded domain, he was often assisted and cheered in his field-labors by his wife; who was indeed a notable woman, as his subsequent career of thrift has clearly shown. And here, I must beg leave to digress long enough to remark, that, in any station in life, man is far more indebted for his prosperity and his advancement, and for the character and respectability of his children after him, to the tact and the talent, the economy and management of his wife, than is generally supposed, or often admitted. Not, however, such wives, as, it may be feared, will issue from but too many of the female “seminaries” of the present day; in which, notwithstanding their lofty pretensions, more idle nonsense is taught about the imaginary rights of women, than useful instruction as to positive duties.

But to return: Frank Stanley’s wife (Judge Stanley’s wife, of Indiana, we presume, would *now* do no such thing—and she need not) was often a sharer of her husband’s toils in the field; and at such times, little Frank was left under the watchful guardianship of Rover—sometimes in the cottage, and at others, beneath the more grateful umbrage of the trees skirting the fields

where they were at work. It was a sweet and promising child, and to do him justice, much handsomer than the picture. "The light danced in its eyes like boys at a festival;" and Rover loved it almost as well as did its parents. On one of the occasions referred to, during a drought of several weeks, when the dried wood and fallen leaves had become highly combustible, the parents repaired to their field labors as usual, leaving their darling, as they had often done before, by the side of a rock, overshadowed by a coppice of sycamores. It was a favorite spot of the laborers, to which they often retired to eat their frugal mid-day repast, and refresh themselves during the fervid hours of the meridian sun.

A party of hunters were in the neighborhood; and the occasional discharge of a rifle or a fowling-piece, being no unusual sound, excited neither anxiety nor surprise. They would not themselves be far distant; and little Frank, placed on a rustic couch, was deemed perfectly safe for a couple of hours, in the charge of the lynx-eyed and faithful Rover. In the prosecution of their labors, however, or more probably in pursuit of some irregular object not previously thought of, the parents were unconsciously drawn a considerable distance further from their little charge, than they

had supposed. And their attention was first called to the fact, by a sound in the air like the roar of distant waters, accompanied by crackling noises, of no uncertain character to those accustomed to the clearing of woodlands. They looked, and were appalled at beholding the smoke of a fire which had suddenly broken out in the woods, probably occasioned by the discharge of a musket by one of the hunters, and which, from the dark, cloudy wreaths now rolling upwards, had even then well nigh encircled the little copse in which their treasure, as sweet as innocent, as innocent as gay, as gay as happy, was lying, altogether unconscious of the approaching danger. The wind had freshened, and the fire was already raging fiercely, sending up darkened volumes of smoke, and spreading rapidly, from one combustible substance to another. The drought had well prepared the materials for such a catastrophe, and the fire was swiftly climbing the scathed trunks of trees, encircling them with spiral wreaths of flame, the continuing and louder roar of which told how vehemently it was raging.

Affrighted, and indeed half frantic, the parents ran with all their might to the rescue of the child; but the tall grass of the prairie sadly retarded their progress, while every instant

seemed an age, and every moment added to the extent and the intensity of the fire, now consuming every thing excepting the green timber in its progress, and sending upwards, with the rolling volumes of smoke, showers of burning leaves, which, as they fell, were kindling hundreds of lesser fires every moment, to unite and thus increase with tenfold rapidity the conflagration. The parents rushed onward; but their very anxiety, added to the difficulty already noted, served but to impede their steps, while, with every breath they drew, the spectacle became more awful, and its fatality more certain. Fresh flames were lighted up by every falling spark. Indeed, such pillars of fire, and clouds of vapor, were ascending to the darkened skies, and the little peninsular coppice was now so nearly overrun with the destructive element, yet sweeping onwards, and running literally like wild-fire, that all hope of saving the child was nearly extinct.

A dreadful death seemed its inevitable fate, before either of them could reach the spot. Breathless, however, they pressed forward, while their ears were yet filled with the roar of the flames, and the crackling of the burning limbs and trunks of the trees, mingled, as their bitter fancy taught them to believe, with others, and

yet, to them, more painful sounds. But in this they were mistaken; for the cries which they supposed piercing their ears, could not have been distinguished amid the noise of the terrible combustion now in progress, resembling the rushing of a mighty wind. The hearts of both sunk within them, and the mother fell, from terror and exhaustion, before reaching the margin of the prairie. At this moment the faithful sentinel who had been left with the child, raised a piercing howl of distress, the last sound that reached the ear of the mother until some time afterwards; and which in her agony she mistook for the cries of her child, now, as she supposed, perishing in the flames—so natural is it for a mind highly excited to despair most of what it most desires.

More strong of nerve and firm of foot, the unhappy father reached the spot; but, alas! it was now environed by a chain of fire. Repeated and desperate were his attempts to penetrate the burning cordon; but in each successive effort was he repulsed and driven back by the scorching tempest, and so blinded by the heat and smoke, the flames having at times literally encircled his person, that he could no longer distinguish the place, if any there were, through which, under other circumstances, he might

possibly be able to force an entrance, and perchance yet rescue his child. He was on the point, however, of making another desperate plunge into the blazing furnace, with a determination to succeed or perish in the attempt, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the cry of the child, as though close by the spot on which he stood; and in the next instant the faithful guardian emerged from the flames and smoke, dragging the little one by its clothes, comparatively unharmed. Its rustic garments were sadly disarranged, and poor Rover had endured a severe scorching of his shagged coat; but he cared not for that, and seemed as conscious of his achievement, and as much rejoiced at the rescue, and the finding of his master, as the parents were on recovering their beloved from the flames, and folding it once more to their bosoms.

And now, my young friend, if the late eccentric and celebrated Lord Dudley and Ward has had the most costly and singular statue of modern times erected to the memory of his dog—every color of which is imitated in finely-polished mosaic, while the eyes are of rare and valuable gems, and the pedestal enriched with gold and precious stones—what memorial should be erected to the memory of ROVER!

MENTAL COMMUNION.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

“ My spirit will often be with you on Sycamore terrace in a fine evening.”

A Letter from a Friend.

AND will thy kindred spirit join
 The social walk at tranquil eve,
 When zephyr scarcely fans the vine,
 And roses fragrant garlands weave?—

When soft the pearly dew descend,
 All nature hushed—the air all balm?
 Yes!—let thy spirit come, my friend!
 And share with us the hour of calm!

And let us dwell upon those themes
 That to celestial realms belong;
 Such as glow in the poet's dreams,
 When genuine fire inspires his song.

If, whilst inclosed in mortal clay,
 Such pure communion be assigned,

Say, will the boundless realms of day
Restrain the blest immortal mind ?

The grave has closed o'er those we love,
Yet in our hearts still love remains ;
It rises to their home above,
And cold forgetfulness disdains.

And when refined from earthly chains,
Say, will not love still brighter burn ?
Then, if no unknown power restrains,
May not the spirit back return ?

Hast not thou felt thy bosom swell
With thoughts far higher than their own,
As though some blissful influence fell,
And thy rapt spirit thence had flown ?

Why, at such holy, solemn hour,
When body scarce the soul confined,
Might not departed friends have power
To prompt such risings of the mind ?

Hail, holy, awful, cheering thought,
Pure cleanser of life's tainted springs !
Could he by earthly toys be caught,
Who deemed around celestial wings ?—

Who felt that pure immortal power
Was lent his spirit to sustain ;
To guard him in temptation's hour,
And back the wandering heart regain ?

ALDWINCLE RECTORY.

7 *

ELSIE GREY;

OR

THE YOUNG COTTAGER.

ELSIE GREY was the daughter of one of the poorest class of American farmers. Her father, unable to purchase land for himself, cultivated the farm of a rich widow lady in his native village of Hampden, and received, as a remuneration for his toil, a third part of the profits arising from the sale of the produce. The hard and stony soil which he tilled afforded a harvest far from proportionate to the labor which was lavished upon it; and it was only by the most unremitting industry, that he was enabled to provide for his wife and three little ones. Yet, had Edward Grey possessed that great essential of happiness, a contented spirit, he might have found much, even in his own humble dwelling, to mitigate the evils of his lot. His children were always clean and tidy, his cottage was as neat as female ingenuity could make it, and his wife was a pattern of frugality and industry.



J. G. S. & Co. Lith. N.Y.

J. G. S. & Co. Lith. N.Y.



But Edward was a dissatisfied man; and though his discontent was confined to his own bosom, or shared only with his meek wife, yet the fire was but smouldering within him, soon to burst forth with consuming violence.

Elsie, the eldest of his children, was about eleven years of age, when a circumstance occurred, apparently trivial in itself, but of sufficient importance, as it afterwards proved, to decide the fate of her whole family. This was the establishment of a new tavern on the road through which her father was accustomed to pass in his way to market. Though no lover of strong drink, Edward Grey had unhappily a great fondness for argument; and the well-filled bar-room of the new inn afforded equal attractions to the admirers of warm debate and hot punch. Mr. Tompkins, the new tavern-keeper, was a disciple of the modern school of infidelity. The words *liberty, equality, community of interests, agrarian law, &c.*, were forever in his mouth; and the subtlety with which he defended his principles gave him a great advantage over the unlettered farmers, who listened all agape to these astounding novelties. Edward Grey's imbittered feelings rendered him but too easy a convert to these pernicious doctrines. Night after night he was to be found seated

beside the stove, in the bar-room of "Agrarian Hall," drinking in deep draughts of infidelity and brandy, until gradually every trace of his former self disappeared before the influence of skepticism and intemperance.

Mournfully did his unhappy wife watch his slow but certain progress towards ruin. Earnestly and faithfully did she expostulate with him; but, alas! the heart which had hardened itself against its Maker, was not to be softened by the voice of affection. He became stern and severe in his family—neglectful of his duty towards his employers; and in less than a year after he became a proselyte to the new creed, it was scarcely possible to recognize the active, industrious Edward Grey, in the indolent, riotous disputant of the village tavern. Mrs. Morton, the lady upon whose estate he lived, was not long in hearing of this change. A bigoted sectarian, as well as a conscientious Christian, she hesitated not to declare, that, unless he recanted his infidel opinions, she would no longer afford him employment. This was adding fuel to the flame. He had already persuaded himself into the belief that his poverty was a grievance, which he ought to avenge upon those who were more favored by fortune; and he now triumphed in the thought of being per-

secuted for his "*free inquiries.*" His pride and vain-glory, at the idea of being a martyr to his principles, made him quite regardless of those whom he compelled to share his martyrdom; and when Mrs. Morton actually put her threat in execution—when he was literally turned out of doors with his wife and children—he felt far less grief for the sufferings of his family, than pride for having thus signalized his steadfastness in infidelity.

The situation of his family was indeed deplorable. Anxiety, and the necessity of two-fold labor, had completely destroyed the health of Mrs. Grey, and she now found herself and little ones thrown upon the world, without any apparent means of subsistence. A miserable hovel, which had been so long untenanted, that the winds and rains of heaven had access to it from all quarters, became their abode; and here Elsie received her hardest lessons in worldly wisdom. From her earliest infancy, she had been accustomed to privation, but she was now to feel absolute want. Every morsel of bread was eaten as if they knew not where to look for the next meal, and many a time did the poor child conceal her scanty portion, that she might give it to her little brother and sister, who, being younger and feebler, were less able to

endure hunger than herself. Her father, tormented by remorse, with that moral cowardice which is so much more frequently found in men than in the weaker sex, feared to face the evil which he had brought upon himself, and therefore avoided, as much as possible, his desolate home, while her mother was gradually sinking under that fatal disease, consumption.

Had Elsie been the child of wealthy parents, her extreme personal beauty would probably have made her a drawing-room pet, and perhaps have unfitted her for a more useful destiny. But her parents, too poor to value any but the useful gifts of nature, thought not of the bright black eyes and rosebud mouth of the little creature, whose tiny hands had been always employed in necessary, and sometimes severe, labor. The children of the poor often display a strength of character, and a precocity of intellect, rarely to be found among the hot-bed plants of prosperity. They seem, indeed, as if they advanced at once from infancy to adolescence. The sports and frolics of childhood do not belong to those who have been made prematurely wise by poverty. Elsie Grey possessed a degree of foresight and prudence far beyond her years. The circumstances of her family had thrown so much care and responsi-

bility upon her, that, even when a child in years, she had become a woman in feeling.

Notwithstanding the exertions of Elsie and her mother, affairs gradually grew worse with them. Her father, believing that he could more easily obtain a living in a great city, removed to New York; but his evil genius, the tavern-keeper, accompanied him, and Elsie soon found, that, poor as they had been in the country, they were far more destitute in the midst of the crowded city. The kind neighbors who had pitied and relieved their most pressing necessities, were no longer near them. They were shut up in a close room, in one of those squalid haunts of misery and vice, which are ever to be found in large towns, where the very air and light of heaven can scarcely be enjoyed unbought. Mrs. Grey's health gradually declined. She became at last too ill to leave her room; and her husband, reckless alike of wife or children, spent all his time in the gambling-cellar of his friend the tavern-keeper. But Elsie's courage failed not. She nursed her mother, watched over her brother and sister, and by her kind manners so won upon the hearts of those who occupied the other apartments in the house, that she soon found herself in the midst of friends. A washer-woman in

the neighborhood was prevailed upon to take Elsie as an assistant; and the neatness with which she performed her tasks soon insured her constant employment. When her mother became too ill to be left alone with the children, Elsie took her work home; and it was entirely owing to the constant exertions of the little girl, that the whole family were preserved from starvation. Extreme poverty almost always hardens the heart. They whose whole life has been spent in a perpetual struggle against mere physical misery, naturally become selfish. But the industry and good humor of Elsie Grey interested even the poorest of her neighbors. She always found them ready to do her a kindness, if it lay within their power; and her cheerful spirit never dreamed of repining at the hardships to which she was subjected.

Their greatest misfortunes, however, were yet to come. Though Edward Grey had gradually sunk into the lowest state of degradation, he had as yet committed no crime which rendered him amenable to the law. But no man can say to the tide of evil principle, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." The system of petty gambling, in which he indulged, had entirely destroyed his former just perceptions of right and wrong, and he was therefore easily per-

seduced into an act of guilt. It happened that one of the richest merchants then in New York, was named Edward Gray. This similarity of name, in persons so dissimilar in fortune, was often made the subject of conversation between Edward and his pernicious adviser, Tompkins. "Why, my dear fellow," would Tompkins often say to him, "there is but a single letter to choose, between the rich Edward Gray, and the poor Edward Grey." "I wish that were indeed all the difference," was Edward's frequent reply; and Tompkins would invariably dismiss the subject with a vague hint, or an obscure suggestion, which sunk deep in the mind of the infatuated man.

At length, Tompkins proposed that Grey should sign a check for five hundred dollars, for which he undertook to procure the money. The idea of forgery was at first startling; but the insidious persuasions of his evil counsellor soon induced him to believe that the signing of a name, which was in fact his own, could never be construed into an act of criminality. The first thing necessary, was to obtain the signature of the merchant, in order that it might be accurately copied. This, though a task of some difficulty, was finally accomplished; and Edward set himself to the work of copying it.

until he should be able to produce a *fac-simile* of the somewhat peculiar hand-writing of his wealthy namesake. After a degree of patience and perseverance worthy of a better purpose, he succeeded. A check, filled up and signed by the spurious Edward Grey, was presented at the bank where the merchant kept his account, and, after a slight inspection, immediately paid. The money was divided between the confederates. Tompkins prepared to set off for Philadelphia, and Grey, who had not been totally insensible to the sufferings of his family, resolved to remove with them to the west, where he purposed to amend his life, and, if possible, retrieve his fallen fortunes. But when did a man ever prosper upon the wages of iniquity? The very day before his unhappy family were to have quitted their desolate home, to begin their melancholy journey, he was seized and imprisoned for forgery. What then were the sufferings of his wife and children? Though he had given himself up to sin and shame, he was still the husband and the father, and never, even in the days of youthful affection, had Mrs. Grey clung so fondly to her husband as now, when she saw him borne down by the weight of guilt.

Tompkins, as might have been expected,

became evidence against the man whom he had ruined. The whole plot was revealed, and Grey's only chance of safety, the doubt whether the signature of a name actually his own could be deemed forgery, was destroyed by the facts, that he had purposely imitated the hand-writing of another, and that there was a difference in the manner of spelling the two names. He was found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' hard labor in the state prison. During the time which elapsed previous to the trial, Elsie had given all her care and attention to her unhappy father. Her mother, unable to visit him herself, was only content when she knew Elsie was near him; and it was not until she saw him led to prison, bearing the badge of guilt upon his shaven brow, that she returned, almost broken-hearted, to her wretched mother.

Elsie had attended her father during his trial—she had stood by his side in the court of justice; and not a word which could affect his safety had escaped her ear. She remarked how much public sympathy was awakened. She observed how fully all in court were impressed with the belief that her father was far less guilty than his infamous adviser. Deeply did she reflect upon all she had witnessed, until her vigorous mind formed a scheme, which few girls of four-

teen could have planned, and still fewer could have executed. She stationed herself at the door of the hall, until she saw the lawyer who had been employed to conduct the prosecution against her father. Humbly, but earnestly beseeching his attention, she gave him a simple account of the situation of her family. Her extreme beauty, her earnest manner, the touching pathos of her voice, excited the interest of the gentleman to whom she addressed herself; and he determined to accompany her home. His compassion was still more strongly moved by what he there witnessed; and he became exceedingly anxious to serve her. But all she asked, was the pardon of her father; and to the attainment of this, there appeared an insurmountable obstacle. The governor of the state, who alone possessed the power of pardoning a condemned criminal, had publicly declared his determination never to avail himself of that privilege in favor of one whom an impartial jury had declared worthy of punishment. The kind lawyer, however, was not easily to be discouraged. He proposed to Elsie, that she should go in person to the governor, and, with no other aid than her own simple eloquence, implore the remission of her father's sentence. The heroic child only hesitated until she could be assured

that her mother would be taken care of during her absence, and then declared herself ready to depart. Furnished with a plain but decent dress, by her new friend, and bearing a letter which contained a full exposition of her father's case, but without a single word of comment or entreaty, she embarked on board a sloop bound for Albany. A visit to the capital was not in those days a twelve hours' journey, as it is now. One, two, and sometimes three weeks, were frequently consumed in toiling against adverse tides, or waiting for favorable winds; for the quiet Hudson had never at that time borne a steam-boat upon its bosom. Elsie was thirteen days in arriving at the destined port, and the solitary child had become an object of no little interest to her fellow-passengers. None knew her story, but all were disposed to give her their best wishes when they parted on the wharf in Albany.

It was late in the afternoon when Elsie found herself, alone and friendless, in the streets of the capital. Having inquired her way to the governor's house, she resolved never to leave the door till she had told him her errand. For several hours she sat upon the steps, waiting for the appearance of some one whom she might address, when at length a gentleman alighted

from a carriage, and was about entering the house. Timidly seizing the skirt of his coat, Elsie accosted him as "Mr. Governor." "I am not Mr. Governor," said the gentleman, laughing, "but I suppose my sixpence will do you as much good as if it came out of his excellency's pocket." Though sadly disappointed, Elsie thankfully picked up the piece of money which he had thrown upon the pavement, and again resumed her patient vigil. It was now quite dark, and fearing to remain alone in the street, but at the same time unwilling to lose sight of the governor's door, she took refuge in a watchman's box which stood near. She had been there but a few minutes when the watchman entered. At first, accosting her harshly, he was about to lead her to the watch-house as a vagrant, but her artless tale arrested his purpose. "It is too late for you to see his excellency to-night, my good girl," said he, "but to-morrow you may have better luck; in the mean time, you can spread my coat upon the floor, and sleep till my watch is over." Elsie gladly availed herself of this permission, and placing herself in as comfortable a position as she could, slept soundly until daybreak. The good-natured watchman then awoke her as he was about to return home, and, thanking him for his kindness, the forlorn child again took

her station on the steps of the governor's house. She was soon driven from her post by the servants, who were commencing their daily household duties; but, resolute in her purpose, she removed from their immediate neighborhood only to place herself on the stepping-stone opposite the door. She had not sat long, when a rosy-cheeked boy, apparently about her own age, bounded down the steps, and was springing past her, when he was arrested by her timid grasp. The manly little fellow listened to her tale with the deepest interest. Tears glistened in his blue eyes as she avowed her determination never to quit the door till she had seen the governor. "You *shall* see him!" he exclaimed; "my father will not refuse me so small a favor; come into the house." With grateful heart, but timid step, Elsie followed her young conductor. They entered a hall, which, to her eyes, appeared magnificent; and she almost feared to tread upon the brilliant colors which spread themselves beneath her feet as she ascended the stairs. "Now, take off your hat, and wait in this room till I come," said the boy, opening the door of a small apartment, filled up as a library. "What beautiful hair you have!" added he, laughing, as she removed her hat, and the thick locks fell clustering about her neck; "I wonder

what sister Mary would give for such curls?—they would save her a deal of trouble with barbers.”

Poor Elsie's heart sank within her as she found herself alone; but in a few minutes her young friend returned, leading by the hand a stately-looking man, whose benevolent countenance by no means realized the idea which she had formed of a stern and unforgiving governor. “Why, Frank,” said the old gentleman, with a good-natured smile, as he saw the trembling little girl, “have you brought me from my breakfast only to listen to the story of a pretty little beggar girl?” “I am not a beggar, sir,” said Elsie, timidly; “I came to ask”——She paused—her courage failed her—she could not proceed. “Tell my father the story you told me,” said the anxious boy. With faltering voice, Elsie began her tale. Forgetting her fears, as she thought of her father and mother, she spoke with earnest and impassioned eloquence. The letter which she bore explained the merits of the case, and the simple pathos of her untutored language was more powerful than all the pleading in the world.

The governor was deeply moved; but how could he break a resolution so publicly avowed, and to which he had, in numberless instances,

so rigidly adhered? Long was the struggle between his feelings and his sense of duty—but humanity prevailed. “Frank,” said he, “you will see me abused in the newspapers for this; and remember, it is all your own fault. My good girl,” added he, turning to Elsie, “your father shall be pardoned; but upon one condition,—he must quit this part of the country.” “God forever bless you!” cried the agitated girl, as she sank fainting at his feet. When she recovered, she was lying on a sofa in the breakfast-room, and surrounded by four or five ladies, who had heard enough of the story to awaken their kindest feelings in her behalf.

A few days after, the same sloop that brought her to Albany was bearing her back to her home. But she was no longer friendless and alone. Her father, penitent and grateful, sat beside her, and the story of her heroic virtue had won for her so many “golden opinions,” that she found herself fully enabled to supply the most pressing wants of her father and mother.

Do my young readers desire to know the final destiny of Elsie Grey? In one of the flourishing settlements of the far West, there are several wealthy families, who claim the same parentage. In the warmest nook of their cheerful firesides, is often to be seen a placid-looking old lady,

whose figure is somewhat bent with age, out whose black eyes are still bright, as she watches the playful gambols of her great-grandchildren. In that old lady we may recognize our friend Elsie Grey. Her mother died with blessings on her lips; her father lived to repent the error of his ways, and to become a useful member of society; and as a wife and mother, no less than as a daughter, her whole life has been characterized by virtue and usefulness.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT

'Tis beautiful! That fair, high brow
 Spreads proudly underneath the hair,
 Which clusters on its stainless snow,
 And sports in auburn tresses there.
 And mark the full, clear, azure eye,
 As yet undimmed by burning tears,
 Which seems in calm intensity
 To pierce the depths of coming years.

'Tis beautiful! What seest thou,
 .Fair boy! Do fairy visions rise
 Of tinselled pomp, of heartless show,
 Like golden clouds in summer skies?
 Or dost thou dream of azure flowers—
 Of gay-winged birds, with thrilling lay—
 Of crystal streams—of spicy bowers,—
 Along thy life's untravelled way?

O heed them not! That lip of pride
 Ope not to pleasure's siren bowl!
 Nor trust the sparkling streams which glide
 Toward a deep and sullen goal!

But mark the beacon-lights which shine
Along the heights of glory now !
Go, worship at its hallowed shrine,
And pluck the laurel for thy brow !

W. L. A.

POOR LITTLE LUCY.

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

EVERY body in the village of Shepperton rejoiced when Benjamin Burridge, the blacksmith, had a legacy left him by a distant relation, for he was a man whom every body loved and respected. Of late they had also pitied him, for he was a severe sufferer from a complaint in his eyes, contracted in consequence of his business, and which threatened blindness; it therefore was, in his case, an extraordinary comfort to receive such a sum as would put him in the way of helping himself and family, by some other mode of employment.

After many consultations with his friends, and a good gentleman who took an interest in his proceedings, it was at length thought advisable, that Benjamin should take a toll-bar, which was to be let, near one of the bridges in the neighborhood of London. In order to effect this, it was necessary that some one should be bound

for the year's rent, who was known to possess property sufficient to cover the possible loss. The poor man was able to furnish half the sum required himself, and the gentleman alluded to was willing to be bound for the other, for he had long observed the strict probity and unremitting industry of this worthy man, and was glad of an opportunity of benefiting one so deserving, and so painfully situated.

The family consisted of Benjamin, his wife, three little sons, and a daughter named Lucy. Betwixt these boys and their sister there had been two other children, who had died ; so that although she was still a child, in her eleventh year only, she was considerably older than the little boys, and a person of great importance in their eyes ; for she was continually performing for them some kind office or other, with that cheerful good will and ready kindness, which increases tenfold the value of the service it confers. Time had been, when her lightsome step, gay voice, and smiling countenance, promised her the title of "lively little Lucy;" but, as she was a child of great sensibility, and possessed a solidity of understanding beyond her years, her sympathy in the sufferings of her father, and the apprehensions of her mother, had so far of late changed her character, that she too had become an object of

compassion, and was generally recognized as "poor little Lucy."

But now, all was again happiness and gratitude in the party who took possession of their new habitation, and looked forward to a humble but quiet home for many years to come. The house was small, but had a little garden beside, which was a great treat to the boys, and a new stimulant to Lucy's industry. The noble Thames, and the pleasure-vessels on its smooth bosom, the handsome equipages that passed over what she called "their own bridge," and the beautiful ladies and children which she saw through the windows, were objects of great pleasure to the little girl; but far greater was the thankfulness she felt to God, for placing her father in a state of comparative ease; and tears of joy would spring into her eyes, when she looked in his, and remembered that the sparks of the smithy would never more afflict those tender organs—that the heat of the fire would never more annoy him, nor the kicks of horses alarm her for his safety.

Under these happy auspices, all the family recovered their spirits; and Benjamin himself, who had naturally suffered the most, grew hearty and chatty once more. He was a sober, civil, and religiously-disposed man with a great taste

for reading, it was painful to deny himself indulging; but when Lucy could be spared from her multifarious employments, and take a book to read to him, he was happy indeed; and as she sat by him in the summer evenings, many of those who passed his bar, were struck by the look of contentment expressed in their faces, and the neatness and propriety of every thing around them.

A neighbor, who was himself a blacksmith, would sometimes join them, and enter into conversation on the news of the day, or more frequently on subjects connected with his own business, which Benjamin BurrIDGE found more interesting, because he understood it well. The visitant was a lively, pleasant man, and frequently brought Lucy flowers or apples from his garden, which she hastened into the house to distribute; but if this was not the case, he would (with an air of great consideration) tell her to take that opportunity of getting on with her work, as he was come on purpose to have a gossip with her father.

Lucy was never idle, and she had of course plenty of work; there were the boys to put to bed, their stockings to mend, the supper to get forward, the garden to weed, her mother's errands to go, and her mother's wishes to attend

to. She flew from place to place like the industrious bee; and if she did not, like that wonderful insect, gather honey wherever she alighted, it is certain she left marks of her attention—for whose table and fire-irons were so bright as Dame Burridge's?—whose children had such clean faces and collars?—whose hearth was so tidy, whose caps so white?—and Lucy had a hand in every thing.

But, alas! the natural rewards of industry and obedience were too soon denied to the child who merited them so well; for it was found that her father had entered on a speculation that would not answer. The first quarter, it had indeed done well; but the second became so deficient in receipts, that he found too clearly that it would not nearly pay the rent, and that if he continued much longer, not only would his own little property be swallowed up, but that for which his benefactor was so kindly but unfortunately bound.

This sad news he communicated to the gentleman, who took an opportunity of coming over to the place where Burridge lived, and inquiring into all the particulars. He was much shocked to observe the utter dejection into which the poor man had fallen, and the poverty which pervaded their humble dwelling; for such a salutary

horror of debt had the honest man always entertained, that he submitted to the poorest fare on which they could subsist to avoid it. He told of all his receipts from day to day, his utter incapability of paying his rent, and the circumstance of his being bound yet for a long time to his situation, with the most touching anguish; adding, "that his affliction was the greater, because his neighbors insisted upon it, that the same number of people went through the bar as formerly, and the last occupant had held it on the same terms, and did very well with it."

The gentleman feared, that, as his sight was weak, some people were wicked enough to take advantage of him, and go through without paying; but this Burridge would not allow: he said, "that although fretting was not the way to mend sore eyes, his were, on the whole, better; that he was always on the spot the day through, and in the evenings, Lucy was on the lookout as well as himself, and she was clear-sighted enough for any thing."

The gentleman examined his till, which was a portable one, and fixed on the side of the chair in which he usually sat under a porch at the door. There were two places in it for receiving halfpence and silver, which could not be taken out without unlocking the bottom, the key of

which was kept by his wife. It was therefore plain, that he could only be robbed by the whole apparatus being taken away together. It was always carried every night into the bed-room where he slept.

“And you have no person who visits you that could by possibility get to it?”

“No, sir, for my wife hides it so that even Lucy does not know where it is; nor have we any neighbors here, save the blacksmith, who, now and then, when his work is over, comes and leans on the bar to chat awhile—a good creature he is, and well knows all my trouble. I really do think, if I had not him to speak to, my very heart would break.”

“Nevertheless, I would have you be careful of even him—money cannot go without hands, and I will never believe, that so busy a road as this is, does not produce more than your security; let your children watch.”

Lucy felt as if the latter piece of advice could only apply to her, and she resolved to fulfil her duty so far as she was able. Naturally very artless and sincere, and brought up by parents too honest themselves to suspect others, no fear of treachery had entered their minds; and, although they knew themselves amenable to robbery, they had no idea of fraud. Indeed, the

poor woman was more inclined to attribute their misfortunes to some unknown cause, than to the wickedness of her fellow-creatures; she talked of the influence of "evil eyes," of "witchcraft, and ill-luck;" and her husband was obliged to remind her that such folly was unworthy of her as a Christian, and unwise as a mother.

But the time came when his own spirits sunk so entirely, that he could neither reason nor reprove; his mind grew bewildered, and his memory played him false, for he would insist on having given change for sixpences and shillings, not one of which was found in the till, which was yet constantly under his own care. Day by day his little substance was wasting, yet his family were only half fed, and scanty clothed; and at length the receipts became so trifling, that he determined to seek work of some kind to provide his little ones with bread.

As he lived in a place abounding with market gardeners, it was not long before he gained employment, though in the lowest capacity, and for the poorest wages; and bitterly did his wife and daughter weep, when he set out; for they feared that exposure to the weather might subject him to many complaints, incident to those who, after working in the fire, are compelled to bear cold and wet. Lucy took his place at the toll-bar.

and was so far successful, that much more money was found in the till than had been for many days—a circumstance the poor man mentioned with exultation to his friend the blacksmith, when he came in the evening to see how his new labor agreed with him.

“Lucy is a good girl, and handy enough,” replied James Willis, the neighbor; “but as the spring advances, she will be quite unable to do the work, poor thing!”

“My mother will help me,” said Lucy, eagerly, for she was made happy by her success.

“So will I help you, my dear, for my business is not over good, and I can come often during the busy part of the day, as I see what is stirring from my own workshop.” Lucy could not help feeling very sorry, for the words of her father’s best friend rose to her mind, and something like suspicion followed. She remembered how often she had been sent from the door by this man, about sunset, when her father’s sight was always deficient; and although in general he was very smooth-tongued, he had once or twice spoken to her very roughly, for only saying that there was a spider on the till, and wishing to wipe it off.

“He called me a fool for talking of such a

thing, and said I was as blind as my poor father," said Lucy, as the time recurred to her memory; "now, surely, if my eyes deceived me, I was to be pitied, and if not, I might have just wiped the till to please myself—besides, spiders do weave in the night, and one might have done it then over the slit in the till; and in the fields a thousand slender lines are to be seen made either by the frost or by insects, and no one is called a fool for observing them. I will look every morning, and see if there are any lines in the same place again."

Lucy did so look, but she found none; her father, however, continued several days to find what was better, the same general receipts he had first experienced; but he was rendered so very weak and rheumatic by his present occupation, that even this failed to raise his spirits; and, in another day or two, the hopes of poor Lucy were again dashed to the ground, from finding, that, although a very unusual number of persons had passed, in consequence of a grand entertainment in the neighborhood, she had taken less money than she did the day before. In vain she called on James Willis, who had been with her, to recollect the shillings and half-crowns he had handed to her himself; he could remember nothing, except "that most

of the carriages were made free by other bars, and on the whole, little was taken."

The next morning poor little Lucy took her seat with such a disconsolate air, that she attracted the attention of a gentleman on horseback, who, as he paid the toll, inquired, with a compassionate air, "if she had been so unhappy as to lose her father."

"Oh! no, sir, thank God, my dear father is alive, but—but I fear he is ruined."

The traveller was not in such a hurry but he could listen to little Lucy's sad story, though her tears made many interruptions to her narrative; at length, however, he observed, "that he should return to town, and would make further inquiries in the evening; indeed, he would converse with her father on the subject."

When he was gone, Lucy wondered at her own courage in so long detaining one whom she considered to be "a very grand gentleman;" nevertheless, she felt her heart consoled by the belief, that she had in some measure procured a friend for her dear father, and she would have stepped in to tell her mother what had passed, but was hindered by a succession of passengers, until the good woman set out to carry her husband's dinner.

It was a sharp evening in April, and the air

was frosty, as James Willis observed, when he sauntered as usual towards her. Lucy was knitting when he came up, and had not observed him till he spoke, but, on turning her head to answer, she caught the glistening of what she again thought was a spider's web, in the till. She might perhaps have shown it to him, but two carriages were approaching, and she opened the gate. Soon after came three or four gigs in succession; then a britscha, followed by a party on horseback. Lucy had a little pocket full of halfpence in her apron, and she gave change over and over, but took care to put the silver into the till herself; just as she was dropping in the last sixpence she had received, the horseman who gave it to her inquired for a blacksmith, as his horse had lost a shoe.

"James, you are wanted immediately," said Lucy; "pray don't let me hinder you."

James seemed very loath to go; but the gentleman was urgent, and they departed together. Lucy recollected the web on the till, and said, "Now I will take it off, if indeed the silver I put in has not done it." In saying this, she put her little finger, which was very small, into the slip, and, to her great astonishment, perceived that it rubbed against the edge of a half-crown which she had given change for

Lucy was too well acquainted with the form of the till not to know that some extraneous substance had been introduced, or the silver could not have been stopped in its course. "It is the web, the spider's web," she cried, not knowing what she said, and trembling like an aspen leaf; for the discovery of another's guilt was dreadful. She looked wildly round, fearing the return of James Willis, in her terror forgetting his engagement; but to her unspeakable relief, beheld her morning's friend advancing over the bridge.

"Oh! sir," she cried, "surely you are sent to me by God himself—I have found it out—yes! no! but *you* can find it: there is something in the till that stops the silver—it is that which ruins poor father."

The gentleman, dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, and went into the house with Lucy, and by the aid of a hook on his watch-chain, dislodged a wire net, capable of holding eight or ten shillings, and of being drawn out with the utmost facility by a proper instrument: he could readily conceive how easily a man half blind might be so induced to turn his sight from sunshine or shade, as to facilitate the views of a cool, watchful villain; and Lucy's account of her own unconsciousness

of James Willis's approach, until he spoke, showed fully his usual habits.

As the gentleman carefully replaced the net as he had found it, Lucy could not forbear to suggest that it would be better to destroy it altogether.

"Not so, Lucy—this must be taken away by the same hand which has robbed you so long. It is not enough that you suspect the blacksmith; I must have you convict him. Collect yourself, and tell me if you know where a constable lives."

"The master of the Star public-house is one, I think."

The gentleman went out, and spoke to his servant; he then mounted and rode another way; and before poor Lucy knew what she was about, James Willis was seen coming towards her, and her father and mother also approaching the house, at a little distance behind him. Forgetting every thing but the great discovery, which alone filled her heart, yet sensible that it must be told to them in secret, the poor child flew towards them, and, of course, the crafty villain, who had so long preyed upon them, like a vampire sucking the very life-blood from their honest hearts, pounced easily upon his evening prey, and became pos-

sessed of various coins, all of which had been carefully marked, by the wise and benevolent man, who had entered so kindly into the affairs of Lucy and her parents.

Scarcely had he contrived to pocket the silver, and hide the medium by which he had ingeniously, though wickedly, obtained it, when the constable arrived, and he was seized, to the utter astonishment of poor Burridge, with the proofs of his guilt upon him—proofs also, that, but for him, the long-afflicted family might have lived in peace and plenty.

The former friend of the toll-keeper united with Lucy's friend to render his circumstances comfortable, and to see justice executed on the cruel miscreant who had wronged him, and whose fate could excite no pity from any one, since he had the means of living honestly and respectably in his hands, and had witnessed the sinking hearts and pale faces of his neighbors, and heard their sad lamentations day by day, unmoved; and his cruelty was even more hateful than his dishonesty. He was sentenced to be transported for life; poor little Lucy being necessarily the principal witness against him, and giving her important information with so much modesty and good feeling, as to elicit the approbation of the judge upon the bench.

With relief to their anxious hearts, and increase of their humble comforts, health and happiness were soon restored to Benjamin Burridge and his family; and their past misfortunes having interested many persons, and displayed the probity and industry for which they were remarkable, as time advanced, their sons were apprenticed advantageously, and are now advancing in life with the happiest prospects.

Their good and active daughter continues with them, the delight of their eyes, and the comfort of their hearts; for neither parent could bear to part with her, who happily is no longer their poor little Lucy.

A COMPANION

BY S. C. HALL, ESQ.

THEY tell me of a flower, that sleeps all the day
To shine in its beauty at night;
But when its companions are blooming and gay,
That lonely one shrinks from the sight.

And many there are who pass heedlessly on,
And deem it a weed of the bower;
But when sweets of the day into slumber have
gone,
The fragrance comes forth from that flower.

Thus some, who, when life is all sunny and bright,
Like the flowers that shine with the ray,
Come forth with the day-beam, but shrink from
our sight,
And glide with our gladness away;

While others, when sadness is over the heart,
That struggles in vain with its power,
Their fragrance and beauty around us impart,
And smile o'er the gloomiest hour.

Oh! soother of sadness—oh! stiller of strife—

Where is gloom when I gaze upon thee?—

Upon thee—my companion, my friend, and my
wife,

Whose smile is ne'er absent from me!

THE INDUSTRY OF IDLENESS

BY MISS E. F. DAGLEY.

"No one did ever servitude detest

Like him———

His service he would freely yield unasked,

But lost all heart and hope if he were tasked."

ORLANDO INAMORATO.—BERNI.

"CHARLES," said Mr. Morton, to his son, as they were taking a walk one morning, in the middle of winter, "did you remark that poor old man that we passed just now, who was picking sticks out of the hedge?"

"I did, indeed, father. How pinched and wretched he looked; and yet for all his tattered coat, there was something about him that appeared as if he had seen better days. It seemed to me as if he were going to ask charity, but could not make up his mind to it. How thankful he was when you put the shilling into his hand! Do you know, papa, I was afraid you did not mean to give him any thing? and I thought, as he did not beg, he deserved it the more, for I am sure he seemed a real object."

"He is at present a real object," replied Mr.

Morton. "Nevertheless, it is his own fault that he is reduced to this condition. It is a right feeling in you, my dear boy, to wish to relieve uncomplaining distress; but the reason why I hesitated before I offered him money, was because I feared to trust his feelings. But I find, although poor George Seldon does not ask alms, he is very willing to receive them. Incurable idleness will make its votary submit to almost any degradation.

"But now, Charles, I am going to tell you something of the early history of this unfortunate man, and I trust it will prove a useful lesson to you."

"To me, to me, father!" cried the boy. "I hope you do not think that I am very idle."

"No, Charles, I do not complain of your being idle, in the general acceptation of the term. Nevertheless, I frequently observe in you an unwillingness to apply to any given task; and to escape from it, you have often undertaken a more difficult one than that which was set before you. Now it was that very habit of skipping from one regular and necessary restraint, that brought poor Seldon from respectability to his present state of pauperism.

"You will, I dare say, be much surprised, Charles, to hear that Mr. Howard and that poor

old man were formerly schoolfellows; and it is from my friend that I have heard some particulars of his history, which, though little more than relations and anecdotes of his school days, are yet sufficient to show that the habits of self-indulgence led to all the misfortunes which have attended him through life.

“According to my friend Howard’s account, whoever saw George Seldon setting out for school on a Monday morning, might at once conclude that he was an idle boy; there was such an appearance of utter sloth and inveterate laziness in the manner in which he would sling his satchel from one shoulder to the other; scuffling his feet as he went along in the dust, or stopping short to catch flies on the wall; doing any thing, in fact, to prolong the time. Indeed, he evinced so much unwillingness to reach the place of his destination, that every body must have imagined he was a terrible dunce, and in dread of punishment. This was not the case, however. George was well enough liked, both by his schoolmaster, and also by his schoolfellows. He was by no means dull, and when he gave his mind to it, had no trouble in learning. But this boy’s besetting sin was an insurmountable dislike to attend to any thing in a regular way. Consequently, school, with its

tasks and clock-work punctuality, was to George the most irksome thing in the world.

“He was by no means singular in this respect. Discipline is indeed a severe curb on the spirits of youth; nevertheless, it is a necessary one; and, in general, those who feel restraint the hardest, require it the most; for, certainly, of all that is acquired at school, the habits of steadiness and regularity are not the least useful.

“George Seldon was an only child. He had lost his mother during his infancy, and his father’s time being much occupied, gave the boy more liberty to follow the bent of his inclination, than he would otherwise have had. He was sent to a good school, and got on like most other boys of his age, and Mr. Seldon felt satisfied. As to his not liking school, the father considered it a very natural thing, for, though he was very fond of holidays, he was never unemployed. Unfortunately, here lay the mistake. George was idle; yet he could be very assiduous when the task was one of his own choice.

“Now, Charles, believe me, there is no kind of idleness so inveterate and incurable, as that which makes a person seek any employment rather than the one which it is his duty to perform. Very few people wish to lead a life of entire indolence; and even those who have the

inclination, feel ashamed to indulge it; but there are numbers who deceive themselves, as well as others, by a show of industry; that is, by sedulously employing themselves upon any thing but their own proper business; and thus it was with George Seldon.

“During the vacation, he was an alert, active lad, with a quick step and brisk manner; no listless hanging of his arms, no lingering on his road, for he was not going to school. Still, there was a drawback on this season of enjoyment. The task to be learnt during the holidays was a sore evil; and although he knew the non-performance of it would lead to disgrace and punishment, yet I have heard my friend say, that his contrivances to evade it, and to excuse himself for so doing, even to his schoolfellows, were quite curious, and so palpable, that his two intimates, James Wilson and Edward Howard, although thoughtless boys, could not help being amused by them.

“One time, during the last week of a vacation, as George and my friend were walking together, after some excursion in the fields, Edward Howard asked his companion whether he was ready with his task for the ensuing Monday.

“‘Why, not quite,’ replied George, rubbing his face.

“‘Oh, then, you have done some of it,’ said Edward.

“‘Yes; that is, not much; however, let me see, to-day is Wednesday; well, then there is Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. To be sure, I am going to see my cousins to-morrow, and on Friday they are coming to our house. Still, I shall have an hour or two in the morning, and the whole of Saturday. Plenty of time, you see, only it will be plaguy hard to stay moping at home the whole day, for this tiresome task; it is a shame to give one no more time.’

“‘Why, you unconscionable lazy fellow,’ said his companion, laughing; ‘have you not had six weeks, the same as the rest of us?’

“‘Ah, but you do not know what I have had to do; however, I shall set to work, and be ready for Monday.’

“George then fell into a brown study for some minutes, though in all probability not so much on account of his neglected task, as because being reminded of it, brought the thoughts of school to his mind, with all its train of disagreeable associations. Monday came full soon for George, who, having put off his task till the last, was, as you may suppose, unprepared. He started, however, for school at the usual time, and not, as might be expected, with a lagging

step; but rather with a sort of desperate resolution to meet the worst; but his brisk pace did not hold long, and he was soon overtaken by his two companions, Edward and James.

“‘Well, George,’ said the former, ‘did you get through your task on Saturday?’

“‘If you have,’ added James, ‘I’ll hear you repeat it, if you like; we have plenty of time; they are never early the first day.’

“George turned sharply round, first to the one, then to the other, hardly knowing whether they felt any real anxiety about him and his task, or were diverting themselves at his expense.

“Now, in truth, as my friend Howard declared, a degree of both these feelings urged the inquiry. They were good-natured boys, who would have been sorry to have seen George in disgrace, yet they could not help being occasionally amused by his plans and manœuvres, to escape any thing he did not like; after a moment’s pause—

“‘I have not learned it,’ said George; ‘in fact, I could not; my father took me to town with him on Saturday, to see a friend who is going abroad, and we did not get home till quite late, so you see it was not my fault. I did look over my task a bit this morning, but I cannot say I am much the forwarder. What could I do?’

“‘I do not know what you could do,’ said James; ‘but I am thinking what you will do, or, rather, what you will *say* to Mr. Brian. What possible excuse can you make?’

“‘Indeed,’ said George, proudly, ‘I shall tell the truth, which is, you know, that I have not had the opportunity.’

“‘Why, you do not call that telling the truth,’ said Edward; ‘the truth is, you have been an idle chap, and put off the job till the last moment. My stars! I think I hear you tell Mr. Brian you have not had time to learn your task, and see him rear up his eyebrows at the notion—and he will say, Sir!—I do not think he will say another word, only I would not be in your place for a trifle.’

“George looked appalled at the prospect.

“‘Well,’ said James, ‘my brother Frank and I used to be just as bad—leaving our tasks to the last, thinking there was plenty of time, till there was no time at all; and still it was like a load on one’s mind, all the while; and though we thought lightly of it at first, it seemed worse and worse the longer we put it off. So, last holiday but one, Frank said to me, James, I will tell you what we will do—we will set up a resolution to get over the business the first week in the vacation, instead of the last, and not call it holidays till it

is done; well, with learning a bit every day the first week, we got through it, and we had only to look at it afterwards now and then, to be safe and sure; and then, you see, the task being off our minds, we could be as merry as crickets the rest of the holidays. Frank has left school these twelve months, but I keep on with this plan, and indeed, George, I would advise you to do the same.'

"‘That I will, depend upon it,’ replied George, very willing to listen to good advice which regarded the future only.

"‘But, after all,’ cried the persevering Edward, ‘how could it be, that, through the whole vacation, you could not find time to learn a task that could not at most have taken up more than half a day, so that, if you had taken an hour now and an hour then, you might have been better prepared?’

"‘Well, so I did now, at least, so I intended to do, but somehow—now you need not laugh—I am sure, if I have not learned my task, nobody can say I have been idle; and I remember how it was—the first week we had a great deal of company, so that, with going to bed late, I could not get up very early; well, then, I thought I would do as you said, get on a bit every day with it—but let me see—oh! I

remember, I caught a severe cold and had the toothache, and you know, when one is in pain, one has no heart for learning—well, then, when my cold was better, I sat down one day, and was getting on famously with it, when who should come in but poor Robert Cooper, to tell me that his father, mother, and all of them, were going to live a great way off in the country; and knowing it was my holidays, he said he was come on purpose to ask me to take a walk with him for the last time, and then to go home and dine at his house—now, what could I do?—indeed, I had half a mind to tell him I could not spare the time to take a walk, but that would have seemed so very illnatured, for poor Robert had quite set his heart on my going with him to fly his new kite; oh! such a beauty! I never saw any thing like it.’

“George then entered into a description of the kite, which so interested his companions, that all thoughts of school and neglected tasks were obliterated from their minds, till the party found themselves actually at the door of Mr. Brian’s academy.

“But now affairs took a different turn, and the boys learned, to their infinite satisfaction, that attendance at school would not be required till the following Wednesday, in consequence of

some repairs which the house was undergoing not being completed.

“Most gayly did the party retrace their steps; their caps were simultaneously thrown into the air, and a loud huzza proclaimed the delight they felt at their unexpected holiday.

“To James Wilson and my friend, the pleasure was unalloyed; but George, though released for the present, felt, perhaps, more than ever, the irksomeness of returning immediately to apply to his neglected task.

“He went home, however, with a full determination, as he assured his companions, of making up for lost time, while the other two agreed that they would, with the consent of their parents, make an excursion into a wood, which was famed for abundance of wild strawberries: full of this scheme, the boys returned to their respective homes, which were near together, and, as there appeared neither mischief nor danger in their plan, they were allowed to go.

“The lads had proposed, in the first instance, to start on their expedition at noon; but, as the distance was moderate, and the days long, they were persuaded by their parents not to set out so soon. Accordingly, it was not till after four o’clock that they set off.

“And now a consultation took place as to whether it would be advisable to call on George Seldon on their way, and invite him to join their party. At first they considered that if he had applied to his book, from the time he went home till then, it was as long a period as any boy could be expected to give to a task in one day—but then—and there were so many *buts* in the case of George Seldon—how much more probable it was, that he had not given half this time to it; then would it be right to throw temptation in his way? and their consciences telling them it would not, they concluded on going without him, and, to avoid passing his house, which was in their road, the lads agreed to take another route.

“‘For,’ said Edward, ‘it would be a grievous thing for poor George, who, perhaps, is hard at his book, to see us starting for a holiday.’

“Away went the boys to the wood; and, if it did not afford them quite such a profusion of strawberries as they had expected, they had the more sport in hunting them out: altogether they had a merry and pleasant afternoon. On their way home in the evening, whom should they spy at a little distance before them, but George Seldon, to all appearance very hot and very tired,—for he carried his hat in his hand, and

was crawling on as slowly as if he had been going to school.

“‘Why, George,’ said James, on coming up with him, ‘where in the world have you been? I am sure, if we had thought you could have spared time to go out, we would have called on you to go with us.’

“‘Oh, indeed,’ replied George, ‘I have not been idle, you see,—on the contrary, I have been hard at work all day—’

“‘Well, but,’ said Edward

“‘I’ll tell you exactly how it happened,’ said George, interrupting him; ‘I went home, as you know, intending to sit down in earnest to my task, when, just after I got in, Mr. Benson called at our house, and he said how glad he was the day was so fine, for he had great hopes it would afford him the opportunity of getting in the hay, about which he had been long anxious, and that he had left his three boys hard at work in the field, for he was sure the weather would soon change. Well, though he did not ask me to come and help, I knew he expected I would offer. Then I thought what a pleasant day the boys would have of it, (not that I minded that,) but considering if it should turn rainy, what a pity it would be. You know the hay is of very great consequence—so I could

not help offering to lend him a hand, and after all, I can learn my task to-morrow.'

"And, most unexpectedly, George did manage this time to get his task; but the confidence this gave him of his own powers in being able to fetch up lost time, proved most unfortunate for him. For some weeks, however, all went on tolerably well: George was seen trudging with his companions to school, with apparently less reluctance than formerly; but, alas! it was only for a while; the holiday fever once more began to burn in George's view, and the lagging step told the old story. Again he began to set his wits to work in order to contrive means of escaping from his daily restraints without playing truant, or letting his non-attendance have the appearance of making holidays.

"One day, when his young friends called for him on their way to school, they were informed George had set out a full quarter of an hour before. This was a very unusual thing; and what appeared more strange, George did not arrive at school till full five minutes after them, neither did he join them in the afternoon on their return.

"'James,' said my friend Howard, 'what do you think I have a notion of?—that Seldon will not be at school to-morrow: we never see him so brisk unless he is planning a holiday.'

“Sure enough, on the ensuing day, George did not make his appearance; and his two companions, fully aware of his contrivances to escape school, had often much entertainment in sifting his plans, which he never liked to acknowledge, even to himself; for George generally soothed his conscience by endeavoring to persuade himself his measures were matters of necessity. Accordingly, two days after, when his companions inquired what he had been about, they heard he had been sent by his father to carry a very curious root to an uncle who lived at some distance, and who was a great botanist.

“‘It is well to be you,’ cried James, ‘to be able to get a holiday whenever you have a mind for it.’

“‘What do you mean, James? it was no holiday; I went because my father desired me to go. On Monday afternoon I happened to find a very curious root as I was going home, and so I showed it to my father, who said he had never seen any thing at all like it, and perhaps my uncle might consider it a curiosity, and so he gave me leave to take it over to him.’

“‘Well,’ said Edward, ‘I only wish I had an uncle a botanist, that I might make an errand

to, this fine weather. Tuesday was a nice day for a holiday.'

"'Dear me, how you both keep saying I took a holiday, when I am sure I should not have gone, if my father had not wished it; have not I told you exactly how it was?'

"'No, George,' said Edward, 'I'll tell you exactly how it was. On Monday you began to think how you could get off a day's schooling;—so, instead of returning with us as usual, you went rummaging over the fields, and among the hedges, and ditches, and ponds, in order to make some wonderful discovery, and then at last you picked up some odd bit of grass or weed, and when you carried it home, persuaded your father it was a great curiosity, and that it would be a treasure to your uncle, if you might be allowed to take it over to him. You see, my fine fellow, *we* are not to be deceived.'

"George endeavored to defend himself from the charge of a truant errand; but his manner sufficiently showed that, if his companions' banter had not entirely hit the mark, they were not far from the truth, which George himself could not easily deny.

"'But indeed,' added George, 'I had had such a fag of it the day before, that I felt I

should do no good at school on Tuesday. Don't you have that feeling sometimes, Ned ?'

" 'Very often,' replied his friend ; ' but certainly I do not suffer from it to the degree that you do.'

" 'There, now you are laughing at me again.'

" 'I can't help it, George ; and now I will tell you what an attack I had of your complaint once, which I think I must have caught of you ; for I think at that time you used to stay away from school, on one pretext or other, three days out of the six.'

" 'Oh, never ! never !'

" 'Be quiet, and let me tell my story. Once upon a time, I had made a very pretty ship, and of course I had a great longing to see it sail. Well, but so it happened, that for three weeks every half-holiday had been bad weather ; so at last I grew quite desperate about it, and one very fine morning, I felt, as you say, as if I should do no good at school ; so, while I was thinking about it, my father asked me if I was not getting ready. Yes, sir, said I, I am going directly, but— But what, Ned ? said my father ;—so then I told him that I felt so strange and so stupid, that I thought I should do no good at my book that day.

" 'My father burst out laughing ; Ned, said

he, speak honestly; you want to go and sail your ship this morning, is not that it? Well, it was the truth, so I did not deny it; and my father said that, in consideration of the many disappointments I had had, he would allow me to go that morning.

“‘But one thing he said, Remember, my boy, never let me hear again of your being stupid and unable to learn. So I never ventured to try for a holiday in that way again.’

“‘And I,’ said James, ‘once, and once only, played truant, for which I got punished both at school and at home; so I do think taking extra holidays costs people more than they are worth.’

“In this manner, partly by banter, and partly by persuasion, did his young companions endeavor to work upon the temper of George, and fix him in a more regular and steady course of his school exercises. But it happened, unfortunately for the lad, that his contrivances to slip from constraint, so obvious to all besides, were not apparent to his father. One reason of this might be, that, on all such occasions, he would be diligently employed on something of apparent utility; for George was very ingenious, had a turn for mechanics, and was ever engaged on some curious article, which

his friends were ever ready to commend and admire.

“By the time that he quitted school, however, it was found that his acquirements were by no means equal to what his father and friends expected from him. Still Mr. Seldon satisfied himself with the idea that George was a clever lad, who would do well enough in the world; for he could, as he said, turn his hand to any thing.

“Now, a certain degree of talent this way may be useful, but it seldom happens that those whose abilities are so universal, have steadiness and industry enough to succeed in any one pursuit; and so it proved with George Seldon.

“After this period, my friend Howard went to study for the law, and his time was too much occupied to admit of much intercourse with his former companions, so that the intimacy, which was merely that of schoolboys, ceased. Of the subsequent history of Seldon, I know few particulars; they were such as my friend learnt from time to time, but they were sufficient to prove that the habits of the boy were carried into after-life.

“Some time passed, and still it was understood, that young Seldon had not been able to settle to any thing; for whatever was proposed

or attempted, he found that application was required.

“His father died just as he became of age, and he, being now his own master, and possessed of some property, thought he had time for every thing. His friends endeavored to persuade him to fix on some regular employment; but George’s idle propensities could never be controlled, especially when necessity did not urge him to industry.

“The next account heard of him was, that he was gone abroad, and for a considerable time he was lost sight of.

“Several years afterwards, my friend met him in London. Seldon was well dressed, and in high spirits; but Howard discovered, to his regret, that George had yet the world to begin. His situation abroad had been tolerably lucrative; but the desire of change, and love of liberty, had induced him to give it up, and try his fortune in his native land; and he was now about to embark his remaining property in some speculation, which promised wonderful advantages.

“His former companion tried most earnestly to turn him from his purpose, and endeavored to persuade him to enter into some less hazardous concern; but it was to no purpose—George

looked only to the chances of securing a fortune without any comparative trouble to himself. The speculation turned out as many of them do, and Seldon had for a time to endure the pressure of extreme poverty, for he had now but few friends left.

“After a while, however, those who still felt interest in him, made another effort for his advantage, and a situation was procured, which required only very moderate exertion, but regular attendance,—for it was hoped that what he had experienced would render him steady at least.

“Seldon accepted the place with great eagerness, and with expressions of the deepest gratitude, but lost it again within twelve months; not from any lack of ability, but from want of punctuality. His friends were soon literally tired out; for certainly there is no labor so entirely hopeless, as the endeavor to help those who will not help themselves; the habit so long indulged in, is not to be eradicated, and you now see to what a deplorable state it has reduced the object which has just drawn your attention.”

“It has, indeed,” replied Charles, “but still this poor old man has been only his own enemy.”

“That,” observed Mr. Morton, “is a very common notion, but hardly an allowable one,—for we are so linked together in society, that it is difficult to say whether those whose misconduct brings misfortunes on themselves, have not also been the means of injuring others, if merely from the power of example. Again, the friends who had vainly exerted themselves for the benefit of one like George Seldon, through the disgust they might feel at his conduct, would probably be deterred from assisting a more worthy character. Thus, you see, it is not easy to prove that a person can be only *his own enemy*, neither would it justify his conduct if it even were so, as every one has a talent committed to his charge, of which a ‘strict account will be required.’”

“Then, father, you think this old man is not worthy of compassion?”

“Far from that, my dear boy; I consider him now an object of great compassion. Age, impropriety, and poverty, are sore evils, when they meet; and we should very ill act our parts as Christians and erring creatures, did we regard only his former misconduct, and not his present distress. It is understood, however, that he receives from an unknown hand, sufficient for the bare necessities of life, but no more, as it

would hardly be right to bestow equal relief upon one like Seldon, as on a person who had been brought to the same condition by inevitable misfortunes. I hope, therefore, my dear Charles, that in future, whenever you feel indisposed to your employment, and know at the same time it is what you ought to do, instead of seeking a reason for avoiding it, you will remember the example of poor George Seldon."

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

“Do not ask me to go to America, dear James,” said Mary Simpson to her husband, “and I will do any thing—this very morning I will go and work in the fields, for I can get the squire’s dog-keeper to watch the dear child, and you shall see that I do my part as well as any one.”

James sighed as he consented; for he knew, though Mary was willing to labor, that she had not strength sufficient for that which was required, and that she had abilities for superior employment. He carried their lovely little boy for her into the fields, and placed him under the care of the good-natured dog-keeper, who was found there with the bailiff of the estate, and then went to his own employment, wondering, as he went, at Mary’s resistance to his wishes; which were—that he should follow his brother, who had found, in the back settlements of the United States, a comfortable and plentiful subsistence for himself and family, whilst he toiled





in vain to support his young wife, and their only child, as a laborer in Sussex.

Whilst Mary exerted herself, yet found it was to little purpose, and cast many an anxious look towards her sleeping boy, the squire's lady, and a female friend, took a turn in the field; and she heard the latter remark, "that it was now become a new thing to her to see women work out of doors, as they never did it in America."

"Well, that is a good thing, at least," said Mrs. Curtis; "but I suppose, if they do not work so hard as our poor women, they have other evils to encounter, which are still worse to bear, Mrs. Sandham?"

"Indeed, I think not; for, in our own populous country, the poor work hard, and are poorly fed; whereas, *there* food is cheap and plentiful, and though a laborer's house is formed only of logs, it is as good as his neighbor's; so that there is neither pride awakened, nor envy excited."

"You have lived amongst those people, my dear, till you are quite fond of them; which, I confess, was not my case during the summer I spent with you at Raleigh."

"You did not remain long enough; you saw the husk, but not the kernel, of the American character. We were then gay English girls,

used only to the polished society of London, and pained by a removal from its pleasures; our minds were not sufficiently informed for us to estimate the virtues, or understand the situation, of those strangers by whom we were surrounded. You returned, under the impression that the men were rude, the women frivolous—for such was, at that time, my own; therefore, I held myself aloof, and remained an alien from my neighbors. But when, by a sudden stroke, I was bereft of every comfort, and became a young widow with three helpless children, myself as helpless, (for I had been enervated by tenderness not less than luxury,) every creature around me stepped forward to assist me; and, so far as the most active benevolence, the most delicate attention, the most considerate kindness, could relieve and assist an afflicted woman, I certainly experienced from the inhabitants of Raleigh: years have passed—sorrows have subsided—I am again in my own country, and with my own kindred—but never do I pass a day without recalling gratefully the generous conduct of the Americans to mind, and never shall child of mine cease to honor the land of his birth, and emulate its virtues.”*

* The Editor repeats here the words of a valued friend, who resided fourteen years in Raleigh, and who may be recollected by many, as the name is very slightly altered.

Every word uttered by this lady, in the warmth of her feelings, thus casually awakened, fell distinctly on the ear of Mary, and thence reached her very heart. She blamed her foolish fear of the voyage and the distance, began to believe that good people might be found every where, and think it very natural that her husband should desire to follow the example of a brother to whom emigration had answered so well; and, on her return to their cottage, so great a change had taken place in her sentiments on this point, that, from this time forward, the only anxiety of James was how to execute the project in question.

To save money appeared to be almost impossible; yet save they did—but sickness and prostrated strength was the consequence, and this, of course, deferred the prosecution of their plan; and although the good brother sent them money for their voyage, he earnestly entreated them to delay it until they were really well; observing, “that much rough work must be gone through by every settler, and it would never do for them to be weakly in the beginning.”

Under these circumstances, it happened that little James was become nearly seven years old, when he actually arrived at New York, a healthy, stout little fellow, full of observation and intelli-

gence, charmed with all he saw, and delighted to exchange the monotony of a sea life for the moving picture of the Broadway, or the shores of the Hudson. Much did he grieve, and his mother no less, when they took their departure from thence ; and, after passing many a league of land uninhabited by man, many an immense forest and wide-spreading prairie, they at length found themselves at the end of their toilsome travels, in a place unlike all they had ever seen before, and which, at the first glance, appeared one immense garden of flowers, but, as the power of observation increased, did not offer any thing which denoted either a village or a city to their eyes, which now eagerly sought for an abiding home, after their long travels.

But here, in a newly-rising settlement near to Lexington, they found the friend and brother so earnestly desired ; and they were received with a warmth of affection and a profusion of hospitable attentions, well calculated to cheer their hearts and awaken their hopes. The room into which they were conducted was much larger than any to which they had been accustomed, and although to Mary's eye it wanted snugness, and in some respects neatness, yet the air of abundance presented by the rafters, on which hung dried venison hams, and bacon, the bright utensils

which gleamed over the fire-place, the handsome matron who gave her the kiss of welcome, and the large family of young folks who received her with kindness and respect, gave her a sense of comfort and plenty, to which she had been long a stranger.

Little James alone was discontented, for, indeed, he had been so ever since they left New York, which, being by much the largest and greatest place he had ever beheld, he thought it folly to quit. His new-found cousins were all so much older, that he could not see one who would condescend to be a companion to a boy so young as himself; and their manners appeared to him so uncouth, that he could not desire to be intimate with any of them.

Richard Simpson was a sensible man, as well as an affectionate brother; he turned round in his mind who would best suit his nephew as a playmate; and the next day, Frank Atkins, the son of an industrious Irishman, who was employed as a builder in Lexington, entered the house at dinner-time, and seated himself by the newly-arrived English lad.

“Well, here you are at last, Jemmy,” said he, in the tone of an old acquaintance; “and isn’t it myself that’ll shew you every thing, and tache you every thing, in this jewel of a

country, where as yet I guess you feel quare enough."

James was pleased with the handsome, open countenance of his new friend, and very willing to go with him to see every thing; but the word *teach* stuck a little on his stomach, for he had found that half of his grown-up cousins could not read or write so well as himself, and as to casting up a sum in the way he did it, that was quite out of the question. All the kind of knowledge his father could give to one so young, had been communicated, of course: he could lead the plough, handle the pitchfork, and fodder the cattle—what would they have more?

But James soon found, that, in the new world, new acquirements were called for; and happily for him, new rewards granted. His abilities of every kind were soon called into action, whilst his parents took care that he persevered and improved in the exercise of those acquisitions he had made in England, and which they had wisely procured him, under the idea that however provident the government might be, a thinly-scattered population, in a new country, must be long ere it could avail itself of the means of instruction.

If ever "knowledge is power," it must be so

to those who are situated like our travellers; and, although they, like those around them, first sought a grant of land on which James Simpson might labor, the talents of his wife, who was not only an excellent general sempstress, but capable of tailors' work, was soon put in requisition, and so liberally rewarded, as materially to assist her husband in the stocking of his farm. James, cheered with the magnificent trees, became, through his young friend's persuasion, expert at cabinet-work, to which Frank had been taught to apply, and he rewarded the good-natured boy's instruction by teaching him to write, and lending him all the books he had; and their mutual power of each assisting the other, naturally increased their affection, and stimulated their exertions. James was quiet and steady—Frank, gay and noisy; yet they were always happy when together.

Yet Frank did not solely engross the affections of James, for within the three following years two little sisters were born, whom he loved very dearly, and promised his mother to educate himself, so far as he was able. Surrounded as they were by people of various countries and different habits, it struck the boy that it was desirable, that all which might be deemed good in each, ought to be combined in the conduct

of such as were actually born in the country; but above all, he wished to inculcate the necessity for obeying their parents, and, to a certain degree, looking up to himself as an elder brother capable of guiding them.

“You seem mighty particular,” said Frank, “with them little things; I dare say they think you a regular plague; I warrant they will get along well enough without doing as they are bid; it is what nobody in this country thinks necessary, any how.”

“That is very true, more the pity—but, do you know, Frank, I am quite sure both the country and the children would be much better if they did. Here, we have fine fruits, beautiful flowers, and plentiful crops—we are never nipped with cold, as we were in the old country—and we have good meat whenever we want it; but I cannot find a boy to play with, except yourself, that I can like, for that very reason. They never obey their parents, and they laugh at me for doing it; and they call their impudence and wickedness, freedom and liberty, and such like; now I mean ‘to honor my father and mother, that I may live long in the land’ to which God hath brought us, and wish my little sisters to follow my example.”

“You are always right, James; so I mean to

follow it also, and not only take my father's advice for the love I have for him, but also for the reverence I owe him; and many is the acquaintance I have that shall not be wanting my advice in that same matter—who knows the good we may do on the banks of the Elkhorn, my boy?"

And great indeed was the good produced by their example, so that the little spot where they resided was spoken of at Lexington as the most civilized spot in Kentucky; and some gentlemen of enlightened minds, who anxiously wished to benefit the country, sought to stimulate the efforts and reward the exertions of our young emigrant. For this purpose, they placed him in a school which would employ a certain portion of his time, yet leave him the power of pursuing his business in another. They presented him with useful books and valuable instruments, and increased the grant of land made to his father. These acquisitions did not in the least render him arrogant or presuming; on the contrary, he considered that, as his best quality had been humble attention to his dear parents in infancy, affectionate attention would become him as he advanced towards manhood. Indeed, the older and wiser he grew, the more manfully did he comprehend the value of their conduct to him,

in having, even in the days of poverty and trouble, exacted from him implicit obedience to their dictates, (which was coupled with the tenderest love, for he was then their all,) since it was not less the source of his worldly prosperity than his happiness. In a few years, the good uncle who had invited them over, beheld his poor brother a more flourishing man than he had ever been, and derived his greatest happiness from witnessing theirs—for his own family, self-willed and rude, had gone out from him on every side, with little regard to the feelings of him who had labored for them so affectionately. But as these persons themselves settled in life and became parents, their early affections were recalled; they saw the value of their young cousin's example and instructions, and were eager to place their children under his tutelage. The lately scattered dwellings now became a wide-spreading village, in which every species of industry and ingenuity was prosecuted. Some cultivated the earth, which every where rewarded them with abundance; some felled the noble trees to clear the ground, and then formed them into every species of household furniture and utensils, or constructed vessels in which they could navigate the Ohio, or reach the Mississippi, for purposes of commerce. They built a

church, in which to worship the God who had thus spread for them "a table in the wilderness," and projected numerous institutions which time alone was wanting to carry into full effect. They were a small, but sacred band of relations, who had married women of various countries, whom they treated with a kindness and courtesy that elicited all their virtues, so that in this settlement was united the warm-hearted hospitality of the Irish character, the prudence and foresight of the Scottish, the energy, industry and perseverance of the English, with the determined exertion, and patient resolution, which springs from their union, and form the true ingredients of the enterprising American.

Such was this rising settlement, when a worthy descendant of the excellent Colonel Boone made an expedition to that country, which his renowned ancestor had known as the "Bloody Grounds," and where he had dwelt in all the desolation of solitude, the dread of Indian irruption, and that distressing sensation of having placed a great gulf between himself and his fellow-men, which must create in the bravest minds a sense of fear and degradation. His descendant could not forbear to retrace the feelings of one he had been taught to love and honor: as he reëntered

the scene of his labors, what then was his astonishment to find

“That Paradise was opened in the wild!”

for all around him was flourishing and luxuriant as the garden of Eden. Proceeding to a closer investigation, he found that the human beings dwelling there opened not less agreeably on his contemplation, than the flowery banks of the river, and the towering forest behind them. Never had he beheld such noble-looking, athletic men, such lovely, active women, and such intelligent, good-natured children.

“Ah!” cried he, “how different must these people be to the race I have heard described, as ‘half horse, half alligator,’ ‘the snags of Kentucky!’ These are *men* in the highest sense of the word—men, free, but not savage—men, brave, but not overbearing—men, prudent, but not mean—in short, they are *Christian* men; dutiful to their parents, kind to their neighbors, compassionate to the suffering, and willing to assist every one. They are solicitous to obtain knowledge, and wise in applying it to every good and useful purpose.”

And no sooner did this interesting body of inhabitants know that the representative of their

most efficient founder was come amongst them, desirous of witnessing their progress and sharing in their gratitude and joy, than they hastened one and all to welcome him, the oldest inhabitants leading the procession, and the young ones following with flowers and branches in their hands, indicative of the products of the land, where they were most valuable. It was a simple and hasty tribute of good will, but one which kings might have envied, for it was "the homage of the heart;" nevertheless it was one which would never have been tendered if a civilized and polished mind had not been inculcated along with an industrious and manly spirit.

Of this, their present visitant was fully sensible, for he knew the nature of mankind, and how much the qualities of human beings depend on human culture. As his quick eye glanced round, admiringly, on the gallant forms of the young men, the fine countenances of their fathers, the modest dignity of their matrons, and the innocent sprightliness of the maidens, his eyes glistened with tears of delight, and he exclaimed,

"This is far beyond my hopes; who can have made ye what ye are?"

"One emigrant—one little emigrant," cried

the old man at their head. "He taught our children to be dutiful and obedient, and set them the example. From this course, the degree of wisdom we had gained became of use to them, and the improvement they made upon our knowledge rendered of tenfold value; in short, sir, we all pulled together, both in our families and as a community. In helping each other, we helped ourselves; and so, by degrees, huts became houses—a village a town—and a rock a church. Planks have grown into ships—sheepskins into good coats—and food scarcely fit for human beings into comparative dainties. He said it would be so, and he proved a true prophet."

"And has he left you, after effecting so much?"

"Oh, no; that is his house, with the large garden and the curious trees. He never leaves us willingly—but he could not remain always a boy teaching the little ones; so now he is a man, and we have the honor to send him to congress as our representative, where he speaks for our benefit, and is listened to by every body. Mayhap you have heard of James Simpson, even there?"

"Indeed, I have; for he is my dear and esteemed friend, and was, in fact, the person

who induced me to take this journey, though he did it indirectly. You have a right to be proud of him, for he is one of the *greatest* men in America."

"I believe it, I believe it," replied the old man; "but in these parts we like merely to remember him as one of the *best*; and, if he lived to become the president himself, we should still love him best in his young days, and call him our own dear 'young emigrant.'"

THE YOUNG TRAVELLER

A TALE IN VERSE.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

“SCORN not the seeds of knowledge,
However small they be;
In future time, they may grow to the prime
Of a goodly, fruitful tree.”

Thus said young Albert's mother,
As she held his youthful hand,
And they wandered through the garden's walk,
By summer breezes fanned.

They were talking of the flowers,
Of their beauty and perfume,
And plants, and fruits, and many herbs,
How rich in scent and bloom.

She was telling him of marvels,
In bud, and leaf, and hue,
And how almighty wisdom formed
Some plants for healing too.

He gathered many blossoms,
And these in-doors he took,
And then he read their histories,
In a little pleasant book.

He was always fond of knowledge;
He would sit for hours and hours
To read of countries far away,
And of stars, and trees, and flowers.

His mind was like a garner,
Filled up with precious grain;
And nothing his dear mother taught,
He slighted as in vain.

His merry little sister
Would leave her play to be
A happy, quiet listener,
At her dear brother's knee.

Now his uncle had fair vessels,
And he meant a voyage to make,
And offered in his gallant ship
The little boy to take.

His mother grieved and sorrowed,
But she knew 'twas for his good,
And consented he should leave his home,
To cross the stormy flood.

And his sister wept, but smiled again,
When he the tidings told,
How soon he might return again,
And bring her gems and gold.

On went the ship—his native shores
Had faded from his sight ;
And Albert walked the unsteady deck,
And watched the billows white.

He struggled to be master
Of the feelings that would rise,
And he looked around, and wiped the tears
That clouded his young eyes.

And day by day more cheerful
He grew, and soon would learn
'The names of every rope and spar
In the ship, from stem to stern.

He loved to watch the sun rise
Through the gray mist of morn :
Or to be across the golden track
Of the flaming moonlight borne.

And he would watch the dolphin
In the noontide sunbeams play ;
And often read his useful books
To pass the time away.

And ever, night and morning,
Ere on deck his foot might tread,
He knelt within the cabin small
And his prayers to God he said.

Thus weeks passed on, and only
Another was to come,
When they reckoned for the steady land
To quit the dancing foam.

'Twas night, and Albert sleeping
Upon his couch was laid,
And his quiet spirit, happy dreams
Within its temple made.

He was dreaming of his garden
In his own beloved isle;
He saw his sister's laughing eyes.
And his mother's loving smile.

He hears a sudden rushing
In the ancient cedar-trees;
'Tis louder—strange—that rushing is
Unlike the evening breeze.

He starts—his dream is over;
He's in the ship again,
And the rushing sound is the angry din
Of the wild, remorseless main.

Loud footsteps trample o'er him
Loud voices rudely call,
And the captain through his trumpet sends
His mandates over all

He's on the deck ; oh ! never
A scene so full of awe,
May you, dear children, e'er behold,
As that young Albert saw.

Breakers ahead—the lightning
Streaming through rain and rack
Amid the deep and pitchy night,
Covering the waters black.

One struggling, staggering motion,
One sudden, jarring shock,
And the quivering vessel rudely fell
Upon the sunken rock.

PART SECOND.

He wakes—his eyes are aching,
And his head in throbbing pain;
For the hot beamings of the sun
Are scorching to his brain.

His fingers still are grasping,
With a strange strength, the oar,
To which he clung in his agony,
And floated to the shore.

Then his chill limbs he stretches,
And rises up to stand,
But sinks upon the shingly beach,
And gazes towards the land.

There's a soft breeze floating o'er him,
Full of all wild flowers' balm—
There's a shadowy grove of waving trees,
The green and graceful palm.

He turned towards the ocean—
It was heaving bright and free,
Not a trace of storm upon its breast,
Not a cloud to dim its glee.

But here and there a splinter
From the gallant vessel's mast,
And a fragment of a ragged sail,
Told what a scene had passed.

Poor Albert looked around him,
And many thoughts would pass
On his full heart ; but the leading one
Was that of thankfulness.

Next came the gush of sorrow,
For those who perished then ;
Till another gush of thankfulness
Came o'er his heart again.

And now he hoped some straggler,
Like him, his life might save,
And at farther distance up the coast
Be thrown by the raging wave.

In this fond hope he wandered
About till set of sun,
But of all the vessel's freight and crew
Save him, remained not one.

Then weary towards the palm-trees
He dragged each trembling limb,
And then laid down, and tried to say
A little prayer and hymn.

The sun went down—the lucid light
Of the round moon was seen,
Struggling betwixt the palm-tree stems
Of that rich emerald green.

The weak boy, faint and hungry,
Lay on the long, thick grass;
And his heart beat quicker, for he thought
He heard a footstep pass.

Shapes of ten thousand terrors
Came rushing o'er his brain;
He thought of beasts and savage men—
Then came the step again.

On hands and knees, half breathless,
He crept beneath the shade,
And soon he saw the being, who
The footstep sound had made.

Betwixt two hillocks, covered
With shrubs, the moonlight fell,
As clear as liquid crystal white,
Upon a little dell.

And in that quiet, silent glade,
A youthful figure stood;
A boy of fourteen years or more,
A nursling of the wood.

His arms were closely folded,
And his eyes were raised above,
As if he watched the stars and moon
Almost with looks of love.

The night-wind swept his mantle,
And his swart shoulders bare,
And often bowed the eagle plume
In his black, curling hair.

He looked towards the starry sky,
And murmuring sounds did come
From his opening lips, as indistinct
As a city's distant hum.

But Albert knew what feelings
Were in that dusky breast,
And he saw the power of nature there
By nature's God expressed.

He felt as if a brother
Stood near to give him aid;
And he crept into the open light
That filled the lonely glade.

His hands clasped on his forehead,
He sunk upon his knee,
For so, he had read, greet savage men
In lands beyond the sea.

He pointed to the sea-beach,
And to his tattered dress ;
And by many signs he told his tale
Of shipwreck and distress.

The dark boy heard him calmly,
Then kindly took his hand
In sign of peace, and pointed straight
Towards the rocky strand ;

Then beckoned him to follow,
And slowly led the way
To a cavern in a high gray rock
That rose beside the bay.

Then he brought soft grass and rushes,
And spread a lonely couch ;
Giving signs that he was free from harm
By many a glance and touch.

Then he left him, but ere midnight
Came back and brought him food,
With a mantle of soft leopard skins,
And a torch of fragrant wood.

Poor Albert slept, o'erwearied
Amidst his heavy care ;
But his dreams were sweet, and he knew and felt
That God was present there.

Days passed, but every morning
The Indian boy still came,
And brought him fruits, and soon he learnt
To call him by his name.

And word by word did the lonely boy
Glean of the Indian's tongue ;
And learnt Mater's dread sire was chief,
His darkling tribe among.

That the youth dared not confess
He had one within the cave,
For the father was stern, and ruthless too,
As the tempest 'neath the wave.

So by day was Albert closely hid,
And by night with the savage walked,
And together of the scenes around
In broken words they talked.

Mater would gladly lend his ear
To all that Albert said—
The tales he told, the truths he spoke
From the books which he had read.

And when they sate them down to rest,
By rock and waterfall,
He would try to teach his Indian friend
Of Him who made us all.

Methinks it were a moving sight,
To watch that earnest pair ;
Talking beneath the arching trees,
Or in the moonlight fair.

And see that swarthy, graceful youth,
Now smiling as with joy,
Now serious, as he bent his head
To that fair shipwrecked boy.

But the happiest scene, dear children,
Was when, on the green sod,
They, hand in hand, for the first time knelt
To pray to the Christian's God.

Then might you think an angel
Had come through the cloudless air,
To aid the wild and struggling heart,
In pouring forth a prayer.

For thus the holy Savior,
Himself so meek and mild,
Had chosen for his messenger
A little, simple child.

PART THIRD.

Now was it first that Albert
The worth of knowledge knew ;
But yet he had not fully proved
The wonders it can do.

One day his heart was heavy,
And his cheek with fever red,
And scarcely could he raise his frame
From his lone, grassy bed.

But in the wood was growing
A plant of healing power,
This from his mother had he learnt
When he admired the flower.

He asked Mater to fetch it,
And with water from the brook
A medicine of the herb he made,
And the cooling potion took.

And soon he proved its virtue,
For it eased his weary pain ;
And the aching left his youthful limbs,
And the scorching heat his brain.

And soon Mater's fierce father
By the same was stricken sore ;
He lay in his tent, and all believed
That he thence would rise no more

Then poor Mater, in sorrow,
Came straight to Albert's cave,
And begged that he would venture thence
His father's life to save.

Then down the trembling stranger knelt,
And he prayed to God to keep
His life amid that barbarous tribe,
As on the raging deep.

And then he rose and followed quick
His guide, and soon they stood
Without the farthest boundary
Of that tall, waving wood.

Then told Mater the story
Unto his brethren wild,
Of how he found, and hid, and fed,
That pale and fearful child.

Then spoke a plumed warrior,
A noble in degree—
“ Let the young pale-face save the chiet,
And he unharmed shall be.

“ But if he fail, most certainly
As o’er us spreads the sky,
By our great law of life for life,
The traitorous youth must die.”

God surely was with Albert then—
His medicine took the chief,
And found, as he had found before,
A swift and full relief.

Then pearls and gems were showered
Upon the stranger boy,
And he was led to their finest hut,
With many a shout of joy.

PART FOURTH.

Perhaps you think, my dear young friends,
This was a happy fate ;
He had wealth, and nought on earth to do,
With slaves on his will to wait.

But, oh ! he of his mother thought,
And her dear whitewashed cot,
And his sickening spirit loathed the view
Of his sad and distant lot.

And though he loved the kind Mater,
Who was a friend indeed,
Yet, in trusting him, he knew too well,
He leaned on a broken reed.

Once in the quiet midnight,
As on his bed he lay,
And the tears that gathered in his eyes,
Had driven his sleep away,—

Sudden he heard a footstep near,
And on hastening forth did see,
And the gentle voice of Mater said,
“ Arise and come with me.”

He rose, and through the forest wide
The Indian led the way;
And down beside the rocky cave.
And towards the rocky bay;

Then paused, and fondly clasping
Young Albert's hand, thus spoke.
"Friend, thy young heart is withering,
Like a lightning-blighted oak.

"Dear Albert, more than brother
Thou art to Mater's heart;
But the home thou lov'st is far away,—
Be happy then,—depart!"

He pointed to the ocean—
What greetest Albert's sight!—
A gallant ship, with all her sails
In the moonbeams glancing white.

Then Mater spake, "I wandered
In the wood at set of sun,
And peeling through the echoing rocks
I heard a single gun.

"Oft vessels from your country come,
And anchor in this bay,
And our small tribe all hide themselves,
Whilst those white strangers stay.

“ But here to-morrow morning
For water will they come,
And then you may return with them
Unto your distant home.

“ And now farewell, dear brother;
And may that God above,
Whom you have taught me to adore,
Look on you still in love.

“ When in your far off country,
Midst friends and kindred true,
Think sometimes on our forest walks,
And all you taught Mattoo.”

He turned, and swiftly glided
In the shadow of the trees;
And nought was heard, but the fretting tide,
Nor felt, but the freshening breeze.

Now need I tell you, children,
That this vessel's crew did land,
And that they took our shipwrecked boy
From that hot and sickly strand?

And of his mother's happiness,
Or his sister's, need I tell?
Ye who have mothers whom ye love,
Can paint that meeting well.

Thus ends the tale—yet hearken,—
How came these things to pass?
Because no careless, idle boy,
Our little Albert was.

It was his gathered wisdom,
That o'er peril, victory won;
'Therefore methinks 'tis fit my tale
Should end as it begun.

Scorn not the seeds of knowledge,
However small they be;
In future time, they may grow to the prime
Of a goodly, fruitful tree

HENRIETTA.

My youngest and my loveliest!—my darling little
 one,
 E'en to a stranger's eye thy face is fair to look
 upon;
 With thy bright locks, thy snowy brow, thine
 eyes so clearly blue,
 And thy soft velvet lip that seems a rosebud
 moist with dew.

But to a mother's heart how dear is every childish
 grace!
 How do I love the opening gems of loveliness to
 trace;
 To hear thee lisp each new-found word, or gaze,
 with sweet surprise,
 On all the wonders that each day discovers to
 thine eyes!

Yet sweeter to a mother's hope, my little one, to
 see
 That look of gentle gravity steal o'er thy face of
 glee;

It tells the hidden wealth o'er which thy young
glad thoughts now flow,
As quiet streams reveal how deep their current
runs below.

C. EMBURY.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A VISIT

PAID

TO THE REV. MR. JUDSON,

BY MISS JANE ROBERTS,

In the year 1830.

BEING unexpectedly in Rangoon, in the autumn of 1830, and hearing that the justly celebrated American missionary, good Mr. Judson, was still there, with indefatigable zeal prosecuting his "labor of love" in the conversion of the Burmese, I was extremely anxious to see him; and having informed ourselves that a visit from English travellers would not be deemed a disagreeable intrusion, the captain, his wife, and myself, immediately proceeded to Mr. Judson's house.

It was a Burman habitation, to which we had to ascend by a ladder, and we entered a large, low room, through a space like a trap-door. The beams of the roof were uncovered, and the window-frames were open, after the fashion of

Burman houses. The furniture consisted of a table in the centre of the room, a few stools, and a desk, with writings and books, neatly arranged on one side.

We were soon seated, and were most anxious to hear all that the good man had to say, who, in a resigned tone, spoke of his departed wife, in a manner which plainly showed he had set his affection "where alone true joys can be found." He dwelt with much pleasure on the translation of the Bible into the Burman language. He had completed the New, and was then got as far as the Psalms in the Old Testament, which having finished, he said, "he trusted it would be the will of his heavenly Father to call him to his everlasting home."

Of the conversions going on amongst the Burmese, he spoke with certainty; not doubting, that, when the flame of Christianity did burst forth, it would surprise even him by its extent and brilliancy. As we were thus conversing, the bats, which frequent the houses at Rangoon, began to take their evening round, and whirled closer and closer, till they came in almost disagreeable contact with our heads; and the flap of the heavy wings so near us interrupting the conversation, we at length reluctantly took our leave and departed.

“And this,” thought I, as I descended the dark ladder, “is the solitary abode of Judson, whom after-ages shall designate, most justly, the great and the good. It is the abode of one of whom ‘the world is not worthy’—of one who has been imprisoned, chained, and starved, and yet who dares still to prosecute his work, in the midst of the people who have thus treated him. America may indeed be proud of having given birth to so excellent and admirable a man, who, amidst the trials, sufferings, and bereavements, with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict him, still stands with his lamp brightly burning, waiting his Lord’s coming.”

If there be any man of whom we may without presumption feel assured that he will hear the joyful words, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant,” it is certainly the pious Judson, the great and persevering founder of Christianity in a land of dark idolatry and superstition.

HUMILITY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In Lark and Nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sate at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet.
Fairest and most adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.



Engraved by W. J. Johnson

Printed by W. J. Johnson

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY GARDEN

THE ROBIN.

BY E. B. C.

“ O childhood ! sweet childhood ! how blest was thy reign
 Ere my bosom had tasted misfortune or pain,
 When Fancy’s bright fingers with flowers dressed the sod,
 And Hope scattered roses wherever I trod.”

WE are told in fairy traditions, that whoever sleeps within the charmed circle that those tiny sprites have drawn upon the greensward, is conveyed in his slumbers to their strange and bewildering land. In that dazzling region, he is surrounded by all that can fascinate the senses, or beguile the judgment. The richest gems form the pavement on which he treads. Palaces of adamant, flashing with prismatic splendor, tower above him—soft strains of music fill the air with harmony—and luscious fruits invite his famishing appetite. He tastes the feast, and the bright pageant vanishes at once. A dreary waste stretches mournfully around—he hears wailing and shrieks instead of music—and the viands which lately appeared so inviting, are seen to be the garbage and refuse of the earth. So it is with our early

visions of life. The world then appears as beautiful as the charmed realm of Fairy-land.—Its pleasures and honors excite our most eager wishes, and we partake of the tempting banquet which is placed enticingly before us. No sooner have we done so, than the illusion is dispelled, and all the glittering gauds, which seemed to us inestimable, fade into utter worthlessness.

I am one whom the world hath delighted to honor. My bark has made a glittering track on the sea of life. I have won my way through the rough brake of adversity, and reached the proud temple of fame; but whenever I recur to the happy morning of existence, my reflections are tinged with the sadness of regret.

In the little plate accompanying these reminiscences, I recognize my earliest home. It was that cottage on the right, whose court-yard is so filled with clustering flowers. Beside the lattice concealed by those fragrant roses, my mother used to ply her spinning-wheel; and the hum of the bees, who were gathering honey among the blossoms, chimed in, not unmusically, with the drowsy whirl of her implement of industry. The opposite dwelling had a very pretty garden behind it; and, as the dearest of my playmates lived there, it has not unfrequently resounded with my childish glee.

I well remember the incident depicted in the engraving. It had been a cold, very cold winter. The trees were loaded with icicles, and the very water in the well was frozen. One morning, as my sister and myself were discussing our bread and milk, we espied a robin fluttering wistfully around the window. Our hearts were of course immediately enlisted in his behalf, and from that time he was a daily pensioner on our bounty. He usually alighted between the two houses, and our little neighbors, as well as ourselves, took great delight in feeding him. At length summer returned, but the bird still continued his visits. Perhaps he had some scruples of conscience about eating worms,—perhaps he thought crumbs agreed better with his voice;—but be that as it may, he came every day for his accustomed dole of charity. Do you see those two little creatures, encircled by their mother's arms, who are looking anxiously at the robin? That timid innocent who is standing in a retreating attitude, as if fearful of affrighting her tiny guest, died while yet uncontaminated by the experience of evil. She was too pure and peaceful for this sordid and wrangling world, and the angels, whose special office is the ministry of heaven, transplanted her betimes to a more sunny and congenial clime. The other little

damsel has long been the companion of my fortunes, and it of course becomes me to say as little of her as possible. I think, however, the painter has made her look rather too prying and inquisitive—too much as if she wanted to know what the robin thought of matters and things.

One of my schoolfellows, a great lubberly boy, who had heard of our feathered visitant, told me one day, that if I could sprinkle a few grains of *fresh* salt upon his tail, I should be sure to catch him. The next morning, accordingly, I tried the experiment. My sister, who was as mischievous as myself, held open the box while I abstracted a portion of its contents. With my hand filled with the saline particles, I cautiously approached the robin; but just as I was felicitating myself upon the contiguity, the unconscionable thing spread his wings and flew far away, carolling the while as blithe a song as if no disappointed urchin had labored to intrap him. The next day we looked anxiously for his reappearance, but he never came again. His further history I leave to some more diligent chronicler. Sister and myself afterwards recalled to mind, that we had forgotten that the condiment should be *fresh*!

SONNET.

Written on seeing a very young child smile in its sleep, and hearing its mother say, that, according to the old women's superstition, children dream during their first month of all they will pass through during life.

BY JOHN HOLLAND, ESQ.

SMILE on, sweet babe, for ancient gossips say,
 That in this first month of existence, thou
 Dost dream of all that in this world below
 Shall mark thy future life; smile, and portray
 To us, who look upon thee, that thou art
 At least *now* dreaming sweetly, howsoe'er
 In many an after-day, and after-year,
 Should'st these be thine—thou mayest play thy
 part—
 Smile on, sweet babe, for thou art one of those
 Whom Christ our Savior once embraced and
 blessed;
 And God, with all earth's happiness or woes,
 Shall give thee what is infinitely best,
 For children's angels always do behold
 Their heavenly Father's face in happiness untold

SONNET.

BY JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

IF lowly roof, with competence, be thine
O covet not the splendor of the great !
They are the slaves of show and cumb'rous state ;
Do thou in freedom and content recline,
Thankful to God, whose providence benign
Has given a happy, though unenvied lot.
Does not his glorious sun upon thy cot
As brightly as on regal palace shine ?
And is the rose which decks thy rustic bower,
Nurtured by dews of heaven, and noontide ray,
Less sweet, less beauteous, than exotic flower,
Pent up and pining for the wholesome day ?
Does listening grandeur hear, in vernal grove,
Than thou, a more melodious song of love ?



THE IDLE SCHOOLBOY.

"COME, George, it is time for us to be moving on; the bell will ring now in a few minutes, and you know what we shall catch if we come in late."

"Oh, Tom, how I do hate school! Don't let's go yet; it wants a quarter to nine, I'm sure, and it's such fun watching these little terrapins as they scramble out of the water to sun themselves on the logs! Don't go yet, Tom."

"Oh, but we must, George. I like to see the terrapins as well as you, but I don't like the master's black looks, or a flogging either; and I know it wants only a few minutes to nine. Come along, George."

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must. But I think it's very hard, Tom. I can't see what father makes me go to school for; I guess he wouldn't like it himself."

"Oh, but, George, you know we must learn writing and arithmetic, and other things. My father says, that a man might almost as well be without hands as without education; and if it

was not likely to be good for me, I don't believe he would go to the expense, for you know he can't afford it very well, any more than yours. So come along, George."

This little dialogue passed one fine morning in the beginning of summer, between two little boys whose parents lived in a beautiful village on the west bank of the Hudson. Their names were George Wilson and Thomas Macfarlane. They were both tolerably good boys—that is, they never fought, or told lies, or took what did not belong to them, or did mischief for mischief's sake, as too many lads often do; they were good-natured, industrious, and obedient to their parents, respectful to their elders, and cheerful and obliging among their school-fellows and play-mates. So far, there was but little difference between them; but there was one point in which one little boy could hardly be more at variance with another, than was George Wilson from his friend and companion.—Thomas loved books with a resistless passion, while to George they were the most wearisome things in the world. Thomas delighted in reading story-books, accounts of travels, and, above all, works that treated of natural history—of the habits and instincts of the various beasts—the beautiful plumage and melodious song of birds—the won-

derful and ingenious contrivances of insects—of the huge elephant, mightiest of all that treads the earth—the sagacious marmot—the insatiable otter—the fierce eagle, and the humming-bird, that loveliest of the feathered kind—the methodical bee, and the precious silkworm, with all their admirable works and modes of providing for their own wants, and the safety of their progeny. He had little time to read, for his father was only a poor farmer, and there was work enough for him to do in every season of the year except the winter; it is true, that he was but a little boy, and could not undertake hard work, such as ploughing, or mowing, or building fences, or getting in the crops; but there are many things to be done upon a farm, which even little boys can undertake, and Thomas was never idle. The summer in which this story commences, was the first in which he had been spared for school; and, although he did not like grammar, and arithmetic, and geography, so well as he did the books for which we have already mentioned his fondness, yet he gave them up cheerfully, and devoted all his leisure time at home to his lessons, because he knew that it would please his father in the first place, and in the second, because he could not be sure of going to school another year, except

in the three winter months, and therefore had no time to lose. Besides, he had sense enough to reflect, that what he learned at school was likely to be more useful to him than what he read in his favorite books, although not quite so pleasant; and his father had early made him understand, that out of useful things acquired in youth, grow pleasant things to be enjoyed in manhood.

As we have already said, George Wilson was in many things as good a boy as his companion, Thomas; but he disliked books in general, and school-books in particular, with an aversion that almost amounted to hatred. He was not an idle boy; he would work from morning till night, as hard as his years and strength would permit—go any where—do any thing—even go without his dinner, rather than be “stuck down,” as he called it, to a book, no matter how pleasant and entertaining it might be.—His father was but very little richer than Thomas Macfarlane’s; but he was equally desirous that his son should enjoy the advantages of education, and when his neighbor told him that he had resolved to strain a point, and let Tom go to school for at least one summer, he made up his mind at once to do as much for George, however inconvenient the expense might be.

But this was dreary tidings for George. School was quite bad enough, he thought, in winter; but to be cooped up in a little room every day in the bright, pleasant summer, poring over a stupid grammar, or horrible slate, or the "hard maps," when he would rather be scampering over the hills, or down by the river-side fishing, or helping his father in the hay-field, or going into the woods to bring home the cows, or lying at full length upon his back, listening to the song of the gay birds, and the chirp of the grasshoppers, or, in short, working or playing at any thing out of doors—was, in his estimation, the very perfection of hardship; and, as he could not or would not perceive what was to be gained by it in the end, he considered it little better than rank tyranny in his father; although, to do the boy justice, no thought of resisting his father's will ever entered his mind.

It may well be supposed that, with such feelings, going to school was of no real service to George. Learning is not to be won by a reluctant mind; and reluctant his was, in the fullest sense of the word. He was always the last to come in, and the last of his class when he got there; his lessons were seldom well learned, his sums seldom finished, except when he obtained help from his friend Tom, and his

copy-books always lasted the longest. The least and most trivial object or incident was enough to retard him in his way to the school; and, even when he kept on without stopping, his movement was sluggish and indolent. In all other directions he went skipping gayly along, as full of life and activity as a squirrel leaping from tree to tree in its sportive gambols; but, with study before him, his pace was that of a snail. The way from his house ran through a number of fields, and by the pond, at whose side the conversation was held, with which this story commences; and it came into the road that led to the school-house, just at the end of a high stone wall, by the side of which was a stile that had to be got over before he came into the road. That pond, and that stile, were sore hinderances to poor George. When the weather was fine, the odd-looking little tortoises used to crawl out of the water, and lie all about on the logs, and stones, and little hillocks of turf, basking in the warm sunshine, and poking their heads out from their shells as far as their long necks would allow; and George could not resist the temptation to linger a while, and enjoy the fun of seeing them go, scrambling, and slipping, and splashing, tail foremost, into the water, when he sent stones at them, or frightened

them by a too near approach. The turtles were seldom got by in less than a quarter of an hour, and the stile was almost sure to come in for another. The top-rail made such a nice seat, and the wall projected beyond, so that, without coming forward a little, he could not be seen from the school; and on the other side of the road was a barn, that had a weathercock stuck on a pole, standing up from the peak of the roof—one of those whimsical figures, so often produced by the ingenuity of the country lads, a fierce little warrior, with a monstrous cocked hat, and a sword in each hand, which he flourishes as he turns, with a most ferocious dexterity; and there George would sit, with his satchel dangling over his shoulders, admiring the valiant soldier fighting the wind, or watching the crows and the sheep, and the swallows that twittered about the eaves of the barn, and the pigeons that wheeled over his head, and the horses cropping the grass—or, perhaps, thinking what a pity it was that boys had to go to school, whether they liked it or not.

The summer passed away, and winter came and went. Thomas Macfarlane made good use of his time and opportunity; but George was still the idle schoolboy, and his year of education scarcely added to his stock of learning.

He had become a tolerable reader, but gained no increase of taste or inclination for the practice; of grammar and geography he knew almost nothing; and his writing might still have passed for the first efforts of a better penman, driven to the employment of his left hand, by the loss or mutilation of the right. As for arithmetic, that he never could get on with—at least, so he declared himself—and he could apply to himself literally, and with perfect truth, the well-known schoolboy rhymes, in which the torments of Multiplication, Division, Practice, and the Rule of Three, are specifically designated. His father's circumstances, and his own increased strength, denied him another complete year of trial, and the little schooling he was able to gain during the next three or four winters, did scarcely more than serve to keep up in him the very scanty acquirements we have described.

Years rolled on, and George, from an idle schoolboy, grew to be an ignorant young man. He was frugal and industrious, and, in other respects, a well-disposed and well-behaved person; but he knew scarcely any thing beyond the mere mechanical routine of his daily occupation; and, even if he had had nothing else to do, books would have been the very last expedient to which he would have thought of resorting for

pleasure or employment. As it was, he had to work hard all day, and, when his work was done, if he had nobody to talk with through the long evenings, nor any place to go to, nor amusement to beguile the time, he would either go to bed, or else sit dozing by the fire-side, with no more thought of cultivating his mind than if he had no such thing in his possession.

Time passes, and so do the lives of men. Old Mr. Wilson died, and George, now twenty-six years of age, succeeded him in the farm. He married a wife, and children were born unto him; and in other respects his career was for many years almost the counterpart of his father's. He continued to labor in the same field, and send his produce to the same markets; living in the same little old house; and like him, too, finding himself, year after year, just as poor on the last day of December as he had been on the previous first of January. He saw his neighbors increasing in wealth and prosperity; boys who had gone to the same school and at the same time with himself, and, like him, the sons of poor farmers, rising above their original sphere—their possessions enlarged by judicious enterprise, their enjoyments augmented, not only by the increase of means, but still more by the improved taste and expanded knowledge, for the acquisition of

which competence gives facilities, and their children preparing by a liberal and complete education for a career of usefulness, and, perhaps, the attainment of the highest honors, accessible, in this favored land, to all men of intelligence and talent, whatever may be their origin or station. George was not of a complaining or envious disposition; but he could not help noticing the contrast between his own unimproving fortunes, and those of almost every one around him. All seemed to be thriving but himself; and the older he grew, the more he saw reason to repine at what he called "the difference of luck," to which he ascribed their growing wealth and his continued poverty. It did not occur to him that the real cause was to be found in their greater intelligence and knowledge. The seeds which had been planted in their minds in youth, had been kept alive by nourishment, and cherished in their springing up and progress to maturity, while his understanding had lain fallow; and the harvest showed who had pursued the wiser course. He did not reflect, or perhaps he did not know, that time employed in youth in gaining knowledge is time well spent, not merely because the acquisition is valuable, but still more from the improvement of the mind itself, which inevitably follows the

very act of making it; that the intellect, like the bodily frame, acquires strength by exercise; and that the boy who improves his opportunities, is certain to become not only a better informed, but a better judging and more prosperous man, than the boy who idles them away. One who has been accustomed to any particular kind of labor, as, for example, wielding the hammer, like the blacksmith, will possess more strength of arm, not only for that, but for every other species of exertion that requires strength, than another whose muscles have never been invigorated by exercise; and it is just so with the mind. The boy who acquires knowledge, is not only laying up a store of material with which to work for his own future benefit and honor, but at the same time gaining skill and power to employ that material to the best advantage.

But all this was lost philosophy to poor George Wilson. He only saw that his condition remained just the same, while that of all his neighbors was improving; and he considered it altogether the result of their good fortune, although, if he had had eyes to see, and intelligence to understand, there was no secret in the matter. The means of their prosperity were open as the daylight. Their superior knowledge and judgment enabled them to take advantage of the various

improvements in agriculture, and in farming utensils, that were made from time to time; to avail themselves of new and more profitable markets for the sale of their grain, and wool, and other produce; and to engage in safe and prudent speculations, such as frequently present themselves to almost every man, but are appreciated and made use of only by the alert and the judicious. All this was above George Wilson's comprehension; his neglected education had left him a mere laborer, without sagacity to understand advantages offered for his acceptance, or to foresee those which might be obtained in future; and he had no thought beyond ploughing, sowing, and reaping, just as his father had done before him, while his neighbors successfully adopted newer and better systems, and were prompt to seize all the opportunities afforded by an improving state of science and society.

Thus he went on for several years, working hard and living frugally, yet gaining nothing more than a bare subsistence by his toil; and thus perhaps he would have continued till his death, had no misfortune overtaken him. But a life without misfortune seldom falls to the lot of man, and that of George Wilson was no exception to the general rule. An unproductive

season plunged him into debt, and the loss of a few hundred dollars by the failure of a merchant to whom he had sold a quantity of produce upon credit, for the sake of getting a higher price, completed his embarrassment. Ruin stared him in the face, and his creditors becoming urgent for the payment of their claims against him, he was compelled to think of selling his farm, and preparing himself for still greater privations than even those he had been accustomed to encounter and endure. It was a painful extremity, and George could hardly bear to think of it at first; but necessity is a stern master, and before many months had passed away, he was constrained not only to dwell upon the measure in his mind, but to take the necessary steps for putting it in execution.

It happened that, at this period, George received a visit from an uncle whom he had never seen; his father's younger brother, who, in early life, being of a roving and somewhat unsettled disposition, had taken it into his head to learn a trade, and for that purpose, to try his fortune in the city of New York; but had afterward gone to sea, and finally established himself in one of the Western States—those fertile and rapidly-advancing regions to which so many emigrants were tempted, some twenty or thirty

years ago, by the hope of gaining wealth at less expenditure of time and labor than was indispensable in the more thickly-peopled states that lie upon the Atlantic. At the moment of his arrival, his nephew had just succeeded in obtaining a purchaser for his farm, and was anxiously debating within himself, what course he should adopt, what means to resort to, for a livelihood. He consulted his visitor, of course, and the immediate reply was, "Come to Ohio." But little argument was needed to persuade one so totally impoverished, and so little capable of judging for himself, as the hero of our tale; and it was soon determined that the uncle should return forthwith to his own residence, for the purpose of making preparations, and that George should follow him as soon as he could settle up his affairs, and convert his whole possessions into money.

A few months sufficed to accomplish this last requisite, and early in the spring, George Wilson departed with his family, and his little stock of wealth, from the village in which his life had hitherto been passed. It is not our purpose to follow him on his journey, which was accomplished slowly, but without any accident or adventure worthy to be recorded; but to transport the reader at once to the flourishing little town

of B——, in the north-western part of the state of Ohio, not far from which was the portion of land, consisting of several hundred acres, purchased for George Wilson by his uncle. The travellers arrived at B——, a little before evening, and were surprised to find the inhabitants engaged in a general demonstration of joy, as if the occurrence of some happy event, in which all were interested, and by which all were very much delighted. The bells were sending out loud and merry peals from the steeples of the only two churches in the place—a gun was repeatedly fired upon the green before the courthouse—the people thronged the streets with glad looks, uttering frequent shouts of congratulation—flags were waving from high poles set up at the corners—a band of music was playing in the great room of the principal hotel—and the usual appearance of bustle and activity in business seemed to have given place to a general expression of public satisfaction. The curiosity of our emigrant was, of course, much excited, and as soon as he had established his family in the hotel, at which they were to pass the night, and he could gain the attention of the landlord, who seemed as much delighted as the rest, he begged to know the occasion of all this gladness and rejoicing. “We have just got through

our county election," said the host, "and the successful candidate is a great favorite. There was great opposition in other parts of the county, where the people do not know him so well as we do; but all is right now, and so we are burning a little powder for joy."

"I suppose he is a townsman of yours, then."

"Yes: he has lived here almost from the time of the very first house-raising; for you see our B—— is but a young place, although it is so flourishing."

"And what was the election for, if I may ask?"

"Member of congress."

"And the candidate is a lawyer, I suppose?"

"No: he is a farmer; owns that large and thriving estate you passed just before you came into the town. He is one of our richest men, and one that has got more learning too than nine-tenths of the lawyers any where about here; but it is not for his money, nor his learning, that we are glad to have him for our representative; it is because he is a smart, sensible man in the first place, and a right up-and-down honest man into the bargain. That is what we all stood up for him for."

"Is he a native of this state?"

"No: he is from York; he came out here

more than twenty years ago, and settled right down where he is now; in fact, we consider him almost the founder of this town. When he first came here, he was poor, and there were only a few farm-houses scattered about; he and the town have grown up into consequence together."

"Well, he must be considerable of a man from your account; what is his name, pray?"

"Macfarlane."

"Macfarlane? from York state, you say; not Thomas Macfarlane surely—my old schoolmate?"

"Yes: his name is Thomas, sure enough; and if you were a schoolmate of his, you have something to be proud of, I can tell you."

And it was indeed Thomas Macfarlane; that same Thomas, who, thirty years before, had so improved the time which George had wasted. His manhood had fulfilled the promise of his youth, and the seed then sown had taken root, and sprung up green and flourishing; and these were the fruits it had brought forth—wealth, respect, the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and an honorable place in the councils of the nation. "Alas," thought George, when he was again alone, "I see now the truth of what Tom said to me, that 'one might almost as

well be without hands as without education.' He made good use of his time and opportunities, and he is rich, useful, honored, and happy; I am a poor worthless creature, struggling with hardship almost at the close of life, and scarcely hoping to be any thing better than I am, for there is no time now to amend the errors of my youth. This is my reward for having been an IDLE SCHOOLBOY."

EMULATION.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO AN ASSIDUOUS LITTLE BOY

BY JOHN HOLLAND, ESQ.

YON oak, round which the trees grow up
 As round a forest chief,
 Was once an acorn in its cup—
 Was once a single leaf;
 Till, past a hundred years, it stood,
 The sylvan monarch of the wood.

The brightest day of summer's reign,
 In morning twilight dawns,
 Till shadows shorten o'er the plain,
 Till dry the dewy lawns:
 And lo! the sun in splendor soon
 Ascends the gorgeous throne of noon.

The bard, the warrior, and the sage,
 In infancy once stood;—
 The man a hundred years of age,
 Was once man in the bud:
 Time was when school-tasks were begun
 E'en by the future Washington

Then know, dear youth, the greatest man
Was once as young as thee ;—
Twilight the longest day began,
A seed—the largest tree ;
That as in nature, so in deeds,
Progression to perfection leads.

Whate'er thy station, or thy state,
Strive others to excel ;
Surpass, as well as emulate,
What they are doing well ;
Nor deem the strife of merit done,
While other conquests may be won

But chiefly aim at virtue's prize ;
'Tis wisdom in the bud,—
For he who will be great and wise,
Must first of all be good ;
And man, great, wise, and good, may be,
Whate'er his station and degree

THE AUTUMN WALK.

COME, sister Clara, let me take
That skipping-rope away ;
I'm tired of marbles, top, and ball ;
I want a walk to-day.

Go, get your hat ; the autumn sun
Shines out so warm and bright,
That you might almost think it spring,
But for the swallows flight.

In the old woods I found this morn
A drawing-room complete,
A Persian carpet made of leaves,
A mossy sofa's seat.

And through the many-colored boughs
The cheerful sunlight beams,
More beautiful by far than when
Through silken blinds it gleams.

In the twined branches overhead
The squirrel gambols free,
Dropping his empty nutshells down
Beneath the chestnut-tree.

And now and then the rustling leaves
Are scattered far and wide,
As the scared rabbit hurries past,
In deeper shades to hide.

Among the leafless brushwood, too,
You sometimes may espy,
Peering so cautiously about,
The woodrat's bright black eye.

Come, let us to that sunny nook,
I love to wander so,
Amid the quiet autumn woods;—
Dear sister, shall we go?

EMMA C. EMBURY.

BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD

BY JAMES WHITE, ESQ.

THE delightful villas, which, amid embowering groves, crown the summit of Richmond Hill, were glittering with the rays of the setting sun, when, in the fairy vale below, Charles Herbert and William Carey forsook, for a walk on the green bank of the Thames, the cutter in which they had been skimming its glassy surface. It was June. The summer had not yet scorched, with his hottest breath, the recent verdure. All around was fresh, blooming, and gay; and Charles and William were fresh and blooming as the season. They were in the flower of their youth; for each had lately celebrated the day which completed his seventeenth year. They did not, however, look as gay as did every thing about them. A dejection, unusual to their vigorous and sprightly age, was visible in their countenances. On the morrow they were to separate, perhaps forever. They, "whose double bosoms seemed to wear one heart," who

had been schoolfellows, and playmates, and cronies, and constant associates, and faithful friends, for nine years; "whose bed, whose meals, whose exercise," during that period, had been "still together;" who had enjoyed the same sports, read the same books, had the same masters, experienced the same juvenile troubles and triumphs; who had ever found a responsive chord in each other's breast; and who loved one another with an ardor which nought but a similar union could produce, and spirits alone, like theirs, as yet unblunted by worldly cares and selfish passions, could feel.

Charles Herbert was the only son of a man of fortune and eminence, and consequently seemed destined to tread a smooth and flowery path in the journey of life. William Carey was an orphan; at his birth he lost his mother, and before he was four years old, his father, a cadet of good family, and a captain in the army; who, when he left the world, had little to bequeath his infant child, more than a recommendation to the compassion and generosity of his elder brother, which had not been ineffectual. William's uncle, though parent of a numerous and expensive family, had bestowed on him a liberal education, and had procured him a commission in a regiment then in the East Indies, to join which he was about to depart.

“There rest in peace,” said Charles Herbert, throwing down his oar ; “ I shall have little disposition to disturb your repose, when the partner of my diversion is gone. Can I pull alone, without thinking of the comrade I have lost?—or in company with some rude boatman, without being still more sensible of his absence? Must we part at the very time each of us most needs the assistance of the other?—when we are about to enter that world, which is ever described as the scene of intrigue, guile, and duplicity? I should fearlessly commence my career in it, supported by my dear William, who would be to me a faithful monitor, and a steady defender ; but if he abandons me, where shall I find a friend in whom I can equally confide? Let us not separate. My father has wealth, and ——” “No, my dear Charles,” interrupted William Carey, “that cannot be. You, even you, would despise me, if I deserted my duty. The station Providence has assigned me, demands the active exertion of my faculties. I have to struggle for the means of existence and for happiness, and I do not despair, though thrown as I am on the world a solitary and desolate adventurer ; my present situation is not unlike that of the mariner clinging to a fragment of his wrecked vessel, in the midst of the raging

ocean. Your part in life is less difficult; enjoyment awaits you. But I know your heart, and you know mine. ‘Come what come may,’ our friendship is indissoluble. Be comforted; we shall meet again, I trust, in prosperity and honor, and with undiminished affection. How joyful will be that meeting!”

Has the reader sufficient interest in these young men to inquire whether they did meet again or not, and, if they did, in what circumstances?—If he has, I will endeavor to gratify his curiosity.

Ah, fairy land of youth! where the bright, joyous sun shines ever cloudless—where friendship and love, with charms that seem immortal, conduct our easy, unsuspecting steps through paths bedight with ever-springing flowers; and Hope, the sweet-voiced siren Hope, points to vistas of bliss far as the eye can reach. Who can quit these enchanted precincts, and not cast “a longing, lingering look behind?” Through no region so delectable do mortals pass in their earthly pilgrimage. Uphill and rough is Manhood’s toilsome road; and if it end not, as it most frequently does, in disappointment, but lead to Fortune’s fane, where the goddess showers honors and riches on her minions; when the

favorite votary has arrived there, and obtained the long-sought recompense, labor and age have probably weakened his powers of enjoyment, and the greatest pleasure belonging to his triumph is found to have been in the anticipation and prospect of it.

Late in the spring of the year —, Sir William Carey reached the shore of his native country, after an absence of nearly thirty-five years. It is unnecessary for my present purpose to detail the various splendid military services which, during that period, had entitled him to the character of an eminent commander, and conferred on him the rank of lieutenant-general, the grand cross of the Bath, and considerable wealth. It is not difficult to imagine the pleasurable feelings of Sir William on his arrival in England. Fame, rank, and riches, united to welcome his return, and to reward his toils. He was now about to enjoy again the long-remembered and often wished-for scenery and manners of Britain, and to see and converse with the loved associates of his youth, whom he had never forgotten. Foremost among these, in his recollection, stood Charles Herbert. The epistoiary correspondence between them had been pretty regular during some years after their separation, and had conveyed the warmest

sentiments of mutual affection. It had afterwards been somewhat interrupted by the active engagements of both, and by Carey's employment in a remote and hostile province. During the last six years, it had entirely ceased on the part of Herbert, and the last letters of Carey had been returned, as sent to one unknown where they were addressed. This seemed strange and mysterious to Carey. Herbert was a man of landed property, and had been some time in parliament; how had he so suddenly vanished? There had been no tidings of his death. Carey's conclusion was, that he and his family, (for Herbert had informed his friend of his marriage, about five years after their separation, and subsequently of the birth of a son and a daughter,) like many others, had sought the continent, after the war, and were travelling or residing in some foreign nation. Still, the utter cessation of his correspondence was unaccountable, and the neglect of an old friend painful to Sir William.

Sir William resolved, when he had adjusted some concerns which required immediate attention, to prosecute his inquiries in person after the lost friend of his youth. He thought the most likely place of doing this effectually, would be on the estate in — shire, which Herbert had inherited from his ancestors, who

had for centuries resided on it; though his inquiries had already informed him that it was no longer in his possession. Thither he accordingly intended to proceed, as soon as he should have it in his power so to do. In the mean time, to be near when business required his presence, and yet enjoy retirement during his leisure hours, he hired as a retreat one of those delightful villas, which embellish the neighborhood of Richmond; led to the spot by the pleasing reminiscences of early life, rather than by any hope of finding Herbert, whose father's residence there had been merely temporary. The very first evening of his occupation of this residence, crossing the bridge, he visited the green bank of the Thames, on the side opposite to Richmond, seeking the spot on which he had rambled with his youthful friend five-and-thirty years before, on the evening preceding their separation. Little alteration had occurred in the scene before him. The villas on the summit of the hill glittered with the rays of the sun as gayly, the river flowed as smoothly, and presented as cheerful a picture of aquatic enjoyment, as in his boyish days. "Alas!" said Sir William, "is there no change here but in myself? is there nothing lost but my friend?" Rapt in thought, he proceeded till he came to a bench, under a

drooping willow, on which was seated a person of gentlemanly appearance, but of wild and melancholy aspect, who hastily arose on Sir William's approach, as if to avoid company. Sir William apologized for his intrusion, and offered to withdraw, rather than disturb him. The civility of his expressions, and kindness of his tone, seemed to affect the stranger, who resumed his seat, and courteously requested Sir William to be seated also; which invitation he did not decline. At this moment, the city barge, like a huge naval palace in all its pomp and splendor, appeared slowly floating down the stream, with its gorgeous ensigns waving in the wind, and loud and exciting music, reëchoed by the surrounding woods and hills. On board, mirth and pleasure seemed to reign unchecked. Some of the company were gazing with delight on the surrounding beauteous landscape—some were engaged in cheerful conversation—some were enjoying the luxuries of the table, and the exhilarating glass—and others preparing for the sprightly dance. A crowd of pleasure-boats, of every description—the ample barge—the swift six-oared cutter—the light skiff—the unsociable funny—nay, even the Indian canoe, were seen around the majestic vessel, swelling its triumph, like the depicted minor sea-deities swarming

about the car of Neptune. "How beauteous the scene around us!—how gay are those within its circle!" observed Sir William; "I seem to have dropped into an elysium, a paradise, where all are happy." The stranger started at the sound; "Happy!" he exclaimed, with emotions that shook his frame, and seemed to rouse a slumbering madness. "Call you these masqueraders happy, who seek in revelry's tawdry disguise to hide for a few hours their withered, drooping hearts, teeming with care and sorrow? To-morrow strips the vizard; view them, and see them truly. The rich man, with hardened, sordid heart and anxious brow, toiling to multiply his superabundant store, and ready, for that purpose, to snatch the last morsel from the starving mouth even of his friend and brother. Call you him happy? And then the wretch (and many such that pageant holds) tottering on the brink of ruin, clinging, in trembling agony, to some rotten bough of unsound hope—what misery is his!—he views the gulf of poverty below, and knows no hand—no, not of dearest, most obliged friend—will be extended, to lift him up again to the heights from which he has fallen; rather will men trample on the victim, as he lies helpless and prostrate. And this fair scene—this elysium—this paradise, perhaps to-

morrow, you will see deformed with dismal tempests; those now smiling hills shall glare with the red lightning's flash, and instead of the cheerful sound of horns and flutes, shall reëcho the roar of the wind, and the fearful rattling of the thunder. Alas! this world affords no paradise. Rather, man, the demon man, converts into hell its sweetest scenes." This discontented and misanthropic harangue, and the vehemence with which it was uttered, gave Sir William just reason to suspect the insanity of his companion; and the grief and despondency which his pale and care-worn features betokened at the conclusion, awakened interest and pity. Suddenly, an elderly woman of decent appearance, approaching the stranger with a curtsy, requested him, in terms such as a respectful servant would use to a beloved master, to return home: seemingly absorbed in deep and mournful meditation, he noticed her not. She again addressed him, adding, "Sir, Miss Herbert is waiting for you at the tea-table." This seemed to awaken him to intelligence, and rising with a sigh, he courteously bowed to Sir William. The mention of the name of Herbert had also roused Sir William; "I beg pardon," said he, "but the name which has been mentioned, excites in me

most powerful interest; I am seeking an old friend of that appellation—Mr. Charles Herbert, once of ———, in ——— snire. My own name is William Carey.” “I am the wretch you seek,” replied the stranger. “Carey! are you William Carey, the loved friend of the happy morning of my life?” They were instantly locked in the embrace of each other, with emotions too powerful for description.

Sir William accompanied his friend to the small, homely, though neat cottage, which was his present residence, and was introduced to his daughter, Mary Herbert, the radiance of whose beauty was somewhat tempered, though not obscured, by the sorrows she had endured. Mr. Herbert, exhausted by the violent emotions the meeting with his friend had occasioned, prevailed on to retire early to repose. This afforded opportunity to his daughter to give his friend an outline of the misfortunes which had subdued him. They had their origin in the vices of his darling and only son; who, too much indulged in early youth, forsook the path of duty and rectitude, and squandered in profligacy, and at the gambling-table, all he and his father possessed,—for his father was too fond of him, not to free him from present disgrace and difficulty, at any price in his power. When

the family estate, and all other property, had been sacrificed, this foolish young man, still desperately pursuing his old course, found no means of extricating himself from the consequences but suicide. This sad event had occasioned the derangement of his father; and the double misfortune of her son's wretched end, and of her husband's malady, had brought her mother speedily to the grave. Mr. Herbert and his daughter, attended by one faithful domestic, who had lived in the family from childhood, and would not be dismissed, had retired to the cottage in which they were now dwelling, supported by a pittance left to Mary by her godmother. Miss Herbert's dutiful and unremitting attention, under the direction of a skilful and friendly physician, had greatly mitigated Mr. Herbert's disorder, and soothed his frenzy into melancholy. Such was the story Sir William heard, of his friend's misfortunes.

Having now related the reunion of these friends, I will only add, that there was no separation till the death of Herbert, five years afterwards. His life, while it lasted, was cheered, and rendered as comfortable as the recollection of past events would permit, by the affectionate attentions of his daughter, and of

his friend. A year after his decease, Mary Herbert was married to a cousin of Sir William Carey, and distinguished herself by the exemplary discharge of her duties as a wife and mother, no less than she had previously done by the pious fulfilment of those incumbent on her as a daughter. Sir William lived to old age, almost entirely in the bosom of the family, cherishing to the last, and in the third generation, the affection he had ever entertained for the dear, though unfortunate friend of his youth, and bequeathing to the descendants of that friend the bulk of his plentiful fortune.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN LAW RHYMES.

FLOWERS! wintry flowers!—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak :
Oh! softly couch its little head,
Or Mary's heart will break.

Amid those curls of sunny hair,
The pale pink riband twine,
And on the snowy bosom there,
Place this white lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone,
The confined infant lies !
Look, mother, on thy little one,
And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep—more faint she grows,
More deadly wan and still ;—
Flowers! Oh, a flower—a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
 Bends o'er the unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
 The crimson pimpernel.

Peeps not a snow-drop in the bower,
 Where never froze the spring?
A daisy?—Ah! bring childhood's flower,—
 The half-blown daisy bring.

Yes! lay the little daisy's head
 Beside the little cheek;
Oh, haste!—the last of five is dead!—
 The childless cannot speak!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE LABURNUM.

“ Look, mother, at that pretty tree,
 So full of shining yellow flowers;
 The very ground beneath it, see,
 Is covered with its golden showers.

“ I’ve flowers of every varied hue,
 The lily pale, the crimson rose,
 The heath-bell, and the violet blue,
 But none as beautiful as those.

“ Sit down, dear mother, while I pluck
 Some branches off—you need not fear;
 No thorns are on its stem; and look,
 Not even a single bee is near.

“ I wonder what the reason is,
 That while the busy things are humming
 Round every other flower, to this
 Not one of them should think of coming

“ My child, each little bee is taught,
 By secret but unerring power,
 To shun whate’er with ill is fraught,
 And only taste the healthful flower.

“ And well the busy creatures know,
That in each bright and glittering wreath
Which decks the fair Laburnum’s brow,
The honey-dew is mixed with death.”

“ Dear mother, how can this be true ?
Would God e’er make a thing so fair,
So beautiful in shape and hue,
Only to hide a poison there ?”

“ Alas, my son, too soon is known
The bitter truth, as on we rove
Through this strange world, that not alone
The fairest things deserve our love.

“ The humble flowers* beneath our feet
You crush without one pitying thought ;
And yet no other plant we meet,
With balm of such rare worth is fraught.

“ Oh, thus let nature’s marvels speak
A useful lesson to my son ;
Think of the cautious bees, nor seek
Such pleasures as the wise must shun.”

May 3d, 1830.

* St. John’s Root.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

COME hither, come hither, thou care-worn man ;
 Though thy lip be pale, and thy cheek be wan ;
 Though thy steps have wandered too far and wide
 From the sunny slope of youth's green hill-side ;
 Though thy heart be cold, and thy feelings chilled
 To the kindling hope with which youth is filled,
 Yet come and look on this blessed sight,
 Till thy pulses waken to new delight.

If e'er, in life's morn, thou hast sought to trace
 The heart's glad fancies in some loved face ;
 If e'er thou hast found it joy to look
 On the guileless brow, like an opened book ;
 If e'er thou hast known the most holy bliss
 That thrills in a father's sacred kiss,—
 Then steal from the world's chilling blight away,
 And recall the dreams of life's earlier day.

The loveliest forms that fair childhood wears
 Ere earth has shadowed its brow with cares,
 From the light that beams in the infant's eye,
 And the smile that it wears, though it knows not
 why,

To the deeper shadow of feeling hid
'Neath the blooming maiden's half-drooping lid—
All these are here—on no fairer sight
Has the sun e'er opened his eye of light.

And thinkest thou 'twill waken the pulse of joy
To look on the purity earth must destroy?
Is it joy to look on the bounding deer,
When we know that the hound and the hunter
are near?

Does the lily seem fragrant, the red rose bright,
When we see in their bosom the cankerworm's
blight?


How then can I joy in those faces so fair,
When I see but new victims to sorrow and care?

They are doomed to bear woman's weary lot,
With its wasting griefs, such as man knoweth
not;

The time will come when their look will be cast
With fruitless regret on the sunny past;
In sadness their thoughts will retrace life's track,
Nor bring one leaflet of promise back.

Nay, hush thee, hush thee, thou care-worn man—
'Though sad and evil thy life's short span,
Oh! clear thine eyes from the mist of tears,
And look not back through the vista of years.

The fair young creatures before thee now
Bear the signet of God on each innocent brow,
And to us the soul-stirring duty is given
To fix their hearts and their hopes on heaven.



EMMA C. EMBURY.

A LITTLE CHILD.

Written in the first page of an Album, for a new-born infant, in which the parents proposed to collect contributions for its future delight and improvement. Matt. xviii. 4.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

A LITTLE child!—who dare despise
 These little ones of thine?
 Precious, Lord Jesus, in thine eyes,
 May they be so in mine!

For such a one,—'twixt hope and fear
 On this unwritten book,
 With joy,—whose emblem is a tear
 Sparkling in grief,—I look.

For pure and lovely as thou art,
 Meek innocent! to-day,
 My heart can see in thy young heart
 A poor, frail child of clay.

All I have felt and mourned within,
 Through many a bitter year,
 The rank, unquickened seeds of sin
 Must soon in thee appear.

Oh ! may the grace that followed me,
Along thy path be seen ;
But thou—but thou more faithful be
Than I—than I have been !

Art thou a Father's child ?—Then live
To gladden long his sighs ;
Art thou a Mother's child ?—Then give
Her bosom true delight.

In wisdom as in stature grow,
In love, joy, hope, increase ;
Stayed be thy mind on God below,
And kept in perfect peace.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF YOUTH
IS A SIGH.

Oh ! yes, we may weep over moments departed,
And look on the past with a sorrowful eye,
For who, roving on through the world, weary-
hearted,
But feel the remembrance of youth is a sigh ?

Though earth still may wear all its verdure and
flowers,
Though our pathway may smile with a bright
summer's sky,
Yet the serpent lies hid in life's sunniest bowers,
And still the remembrance of youth is a sigh.

Then surely the heart, whose best pleasures
have vanished,
As spring buds depart when cold winter draws
nigh,
The bosom whence hope's sweet illusions are
banished,
Must know the remembrance of youth in a sigh.

EMMA C. EMBURY.

STANZA

Written among the Highlands of the Hudson River

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

OH! would that she were here,
 These hills and dales among,
 Where vocal groves are gayly mocked
 By Echo's airy tongue ;
 Where jocund Nature smiles
 In all her gay attire,
 Amid deep-tangled wilds
 Of hawthorn and sweet-brier.
 Oh! would that she were here,
 That fair and gentle thing,
 Whose words are musical as strains
 Breathed by the wind-harp's string.

Oh! would that she were here,
 Where the free waters leap,
 Shouting, in their joyousness,
 Adown the rocky steep ;
 Where rosy Zephyr lingers
 All the live-long day,

With health upon his pinions,
And gladness in his way—
Oh! would that she were here!—
Sure Eden's garden-plot
Did not embrace more varied charms
Than this romantic spot!

Oh! would that she were here,
Where frolic by the hours,
Rife with the song of bee and bird,
The perfume of the flowers;
Where beams of peace and love,
And radiant beauty's glow,
Are pictured in the sky above,
And in the lake below.
Oh! would that she were here!—
The nymphs of this bright scene,
With song, and dance, and revelry,
Would crown **BIANCA** queen.

August, 1834.

THE DRAWING-BOOK.

FRANCIS OGILVEY was the companion of my boyhood. Endowed by nature with the rarest gifts, which were cultivated with the greatest assiduity and success, he nevertheless seemed to be a child of misfortune, and to have inherited his splendid talents but to show to the world, that happiness does not always consist in mental superiority. From his earliest childhood he had an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and, when a mere lad, was wont to climb the loftiest cliffs in the neighborhood of his father's mansion, to view the out-spread landscape—the winding river—the distant ocean, covered with whitened canvass; and many a dangerous fall did he receive in these perilous adventures. When a child, I have often wandered with him down to the ocean's side, and while I was amusing myself with gathering shells and pebbles, he was employed in watching the crested waves, as they broke and rolled at his feet. No sight was sought with such avidity and eager delight by him as the ocean, during and after a storm,



J.M. May Day

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when, lashed into foam, it rolled its mountain waves in thunder against the overhanging cliff.

With such a passion for all that is beautiful and sublime in nature, it is not strange that Frank had an ardent desire to travel, and see for himself the various wonders scattered in such magnificent profusion over the four quarters of the globe. This was his waking dream. In sleep, he seemed to revel in the actual enjoyment of the reality. But how could he leave his parents, who doted on him with more than parental affection?—his sister, who, with himself, constituted almost their only riches? He could not find it in his heart to give a momentary pang to those whom he loved, and who had watched over the tender years of his infancy. He, therefore, after having completed his preparatory education, commenced the study of medicine with a distinguished physician residing in his native place. By diligent application to his studies, he was enabled, at the age of twenty-one, to graduate, with distinguished applause, at the university of ——. During the last year of his studies, he devoted considerable time, under the direction of an able teacher, to the science of drawing; not only that he might be able to preserve a faithful representation of the various forms of disease, but also of such natural objects, and works of art, as should fall in his way.

By the urgent solicitation of a few devoted friends, he was prevailed on, contrary to the aspirings of an ambitious mind, which prompted him to aim at eminence in the neighboring metropolis, to settle down, in the practice of his profession, in his native village. But ah! how different from the *study* of his favorite science! Instead of indulging his fine speculative genius in the formation of theories, or scanning those of celebrated authors; or in the pleasing employment of experimenting in his laboratory in the investigation of the laws of matter;—he was now called to the bedside of the sick and dying; now the life of a beloved and only child was trusted to his skill; now, that of a fond wife and tender mother, surrounded by a weeping husband and her prattling little ones! The responsibilities seemed too weighty for his tender sensibilities; the young physician's mind was too easily thrown off its balance by the occurrence of accidents; and he would weep, like a child, at the loss of a patient whose recovery was beyond the resources of human art.

During the second year of his business-life, Francis married Caroline Montrose, the daughter of his father's earliest and most intimate friend—a companion of congenial spirit and beautiful person—the flame of his boyhood, and

the belle of the whole country around. For a few years, life passed pleasantly along; his professional duties were arduous, and habit had, in a measure, reconciled him to scenes which, at first, made him unhappy, and wish he had been any thing else but a doctor. A highly-malignant fever, at length, broke out in his immediate neighborhood; his exertions were unremitted; day and night he ministered to the sick; and those whom he could not restore, he soothed by kind attentions, and thus smoothed their passage to the grave. In a few days the disease attacked his parents, and soon triumphed over them. Next, his wife fell a victim to the ruthless destroyer; and thus, in one short week, he found himself deprived of nearly all that his heart held dear in this world, with the exception of two children, one of two years, and the other a few weeks old.

After time had, in some degree, blunted the keen edge of his grief, his desire to travel again returned with greater strength than ever. His sister, who had married a wealthy merchant, having no children of her own, proposed to adopt his little ones, and bring them up, to which Ogilvey gladly assented.

It was a beautiful morning in the month of June, 18—, when I was standing on one of the

quays of New York, admiring the shipping of every description, and of all nations; some just arriving, others hoisting sail; the cheerful jack-tars climbing the rigging, or raising the heavy packages from the hold, with the hearty cry of "Heave-yo!"—when, whom should I meet but my old friend Frank, with a porter carrying a trunk on board the ship *Canton*, bound to China. He told me he had bade his friends farewell, and expected to sail within a few hours. I accompanied him on board the vessel, where we recalled scenes long gone by—the happy days of our childhood—and pledged ourselves to each other, to write as often as opportunity offered.

Time rolled on. I often thought of Frank, but not a word did I hear from him. I sought out the captain, on the return of his ship, and he informed me that "the doctor," as he called him, left him at *Canton*, intending to travel through China, Hindostan, Persia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, and from thence over land to Paris.

In the month of September, 18—, while sitting in my study, a sealed package and letter were placed on my table. The letter was marked "*Havre*," and bore on it the name of the American consul, by whom it had been

forwarded. I eagerly broke the seal, and, looking at the signature, read, *Francis Ogilvey*. The letter ran as follows:—

“ *Paris, July 15th, 1832.*

“ MY DEAR CHARLES,

“ You cannot upbraid me with breaking my promise. You know I told you, when we parted, that I would write whenever an opportunity presented. Until within these few days, no chance of sending a line has occurred, since I left New York, eleven years ago last June. And as this is the first, so it is the last you will ever receive from me; for while you are reading these lines, the hand that penned them is cold in death. The fatal cholera, which has devastated Asia and Europe, is now sweeping over this devoted city. I have entered the hospital Des — as assistant physician, in order that I may have a favorable opportunity of seeing and treating this dreadful malady, which is probably destined, in its resistless progress, to visit our own happy shores. I have directed my friend, Mr. F., in case I should fall a victim, to forward this letter, with a book of drawings, descriptive of my wanderings, to you, through the American consul at Havre. This is all the legacy I leave to my dear little Henry and Jane; to

whom you will please deliver it, without opening, as a trifling memento of a father's love. I had hoped to have lived to have once more clasped them in my arms, and spend the remainder of my days among the friends of my youth; but Providence has ordered it otherwise, and I must submit. Kiss the little angels for me, if still living, and tell them, that after a few years at farthest, if they live good and virtuous lives, they will meet their father and mother in a bright and happier land, where there will be no more separations, nor sickness, nor death.

“Your truly affectionate

“FRANCIS OGILVEY.”

As I read this letter, a gush of tears bore testimony to the ardent attachment which I bore to this estimable young man. Though I have not seen him for many a year, yet often my memory called him before me, and I contemplated, with singular delight, his open, manly, and cheerful countenance, his many amiable qualities, and his noble bearing;—I have now a painful duty to perform,—a message to bear to his children, which would rend their hearts,—a mournful errand to convey to his sister, from one fondly remembered, and tenderly beloved by her—a brother worthy of a sister's love.

At an early hour the ensuing evening, I repaired to her house. On entering the parlor, the first persons that met my view were Henry and Jane Ogilvey, seated on the sofa, and getting their lessons for the morrow. Henry was now thirteen, and Jane eleven years of age. Soon Mrs. G. appeared; I delivered to her the packet, and was only able to articulate, through the excess of my emotion, "*Your brother!*" On breaking the seal, she found it to contain a large book of drawings, executed in the most masterly style, some in crayon, some in India ink, and others colored,—representing various scenes in different parts of Asia and Europe, and curious objects of natural history and human art, with copious references on the opposite page, explaining the things described; thus detailing to the eye a tour of more than seven thousand miles, through the most interesting countries of the world. But where was the artist who had sent them such an invaluable present from across the wide-rolling ocean?—he could be none other than their father, of whom they had heard so much;—but when was he to return?—where was he at that moment?—why did he stay away so long? These and many other questions were earnestly asked by little Jane, whose soft blue eyes and flaxen hair

reminded me of her mother, when I used to be her partner in the giddy dance. I made—I could make no reply; but, taking my hat, and placing Ogilvey's letter to me in the hands of his sister, with a heart ready to burst with emotion, I abruptly hurried away.

The reader must imagine the remaining scenes of that evening. I could not bring myself to inquire what took place after I left; weeks were suffered to elapse before I again ventured to renew my visit. Once more I found the lovely children of my old friend seated by the sofa, with the faithful house-dog, old *Veto*, watching at their feet, while they were busily employed in turning over the leaves of their lamented father's sketch-book, and talking of the various objects and curiosities there described. On examining the drawings, I found them of the highest excellence; the first part containing sketches illustrative of Chinese manners and customs—the second, of Hindostan—the third, of Thibet—and so on, of all the nations and kingdoms through which he travelled in his journeying to the west. The first drawing contained an external and an internal view of a Chinese pagoda, with various compartments, holding idols of barbarous models, before which incense was burning, and numerous

deities were prostrated. The second represented the various species of Chinese water-craft, such as the junk, chop-boat, &c.; while the third displayed the various costumes of the inhabitants of the celestial empire, from the emperor on his throne to the meanest peasant, &c. On looking at the labors of my deceased friend, I could not but admire the patience and perseverance with which he had pursued his favorite objects, through the space of ten years, and over an extent of seven or eight thousand miles; and the conviction sunk deep into my mind, *that to attain to great excellence in any pursuit, the natural bent of genius must be followed, and its dictates obeyed.*

C. A. L.

THE AIR ORCHIS.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

PLANT of ethereal birth!

Too exquisitely wrought
For aliment of earth,

Thy rootless garland, fraught
With breaths of Heaven, ruled by mysterious
laws,
Its secret life from viewless fountains draws.

Fair emblem of the soul,

That lives on the unseen,
Surmounting all control,

And power of things terrene;—
Unearthly flower! nurtured on essence bright!
Thus would we live as children of the light.

September 17th, 1834.

STANZAS.

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.”—*Proverbs*.

OH! soft sleep the hills in their sunny repose,
 In the lands of the south where the wine gayly
 grows,
 And blithesome the hearts of the vintagers be,
 In the grape-purpled vales in the isles of the sea.

And bright is the wine when its splendor is
 poured
 'Mid silver and gold round the festival board;
 When the magic of music awakes in its power,
 And wit gilds the fast-failing sands of the hour.

Yet lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may
 swim
 'Mid the bubbles that float round its roseate
 brim,—
 For dark in the depths of the fountain below
 Lurk the sirens that lure to the vortex of woe.

They have led the gay spirit of childhood astray,
 While it dreamed not of wiles in its radiant way;

And the soft cheek of beauty they've paled in its
bloom,

And quenched the bright eyes in the damps of
the tomb.

They have torn the live wreath from the brow
of the brave,

And changed his proud heart to the heart of a
slave;

And e'en the fair fame of the good and the just,
With the gray hairs of age, they have trod to the
dust.

Then lift not the wine-cup, though pleasure may
swim

Like an angel of light round its roseate brim;

For dark in the depths of its fountain below,

Lurk the spirits that lure to the vortex of woe.

W. P. PALMER.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS

NAY, hold, sweet lady, thy cruel hand ;
Oh ! sever not thus our kindred band ;
And look not upon us with pitiless eye,
As on flowers born but to blossom and die.

Together we drank the morning dew,
And welcomed the glances the sunbeams threw,
And together our sweets we were wont to fling,
When Zephyr swept by on his radiant wing.

When the purple shadows of evening fell,
'Twas sweet to murmur our low farewell,
And together with fragrant sighs to close
Our perfumed blossoms in calm repose.

But now, with none to respond our sigh,
In a foreign home we must droop and die ;
The bonds of kindred we once have known,
And how can we live in this world alone ?

Oh ! lady, list to the voice of mirth
By childhood awakened around thy hearth,
And think how lonely thy heart would pine,
Should fortune the ties of affection untwine.

E'en now, in the midst of that circle blest,
There are lonely thoughts in thine aching breast;
And how wouldst thou weep, if, bereft of all,
Thou shouldst sit alone in thine empty hall!

EMMA C. EMBURY

HEREWALD'S FUNERAL

Hereward de Wake was the greatest hero of his age ; he resisted the Conqueror in the Isle of Ely, and after a life of glory, was buried in Crayland Monastery.

BY A VERY YOUNG LADY.

NIGHT's dismal robe was darkly flung
O'er abbey, rock, and wave,
When bell was rung, and requiem sung,
Above a hero's grave.

The surge on Ely's shore that beat
Kept melancholy time
To those deep voices, wild and sweet,
And that dull, dreary chime.

The sorrowing sisters of the cell,
And cowed monks were there ;
Some with sad tears the chorus swell,
Some rend with sobs the air.

“ To thee our tears and prayers belong,
Redresser of our woes,
Avenger of our country's wrong,
And terror of our foes.

“ Oh ! rest thee here—a narrow house
Is this, for one like thee,
Whose spirit, as the ocean foam
Was unconfined and free.

“ Thou shouldst have sought thy last repose
In far more noble place,
Where marble monuments inclose
The heroes of thy race.

“ The son of kings—thou shouldst have slept
Where mighty monarchs lie ;
Warriors should o’er thy tomb have wept,
And babes been taught to sigh.

“ Yet rest thee here ! for here we must
To earth thy corpse assign,
And surely trust that Norman dust
Shall never mix with thine.

“ Yes ! thou whose tameless spirit ne’er
Confessed a conqueror’s sway,
No cold neglect hast thou to fear,
When we have passed away.

“ Though time may level Crayland’s tower,
Its site may be forgot,
A viewless but resistless power
Shall hover o’er the spot.

“ Its impulse shall the pilgrim feel
Unconscious passing by,
And o’er thy dust he soon shall kneel,
Though yet he knows not why.

“ But humbly prostrating his head
Upon thy lowly tomb,
Shall prayer be said, and tear be shed,
On thy last earthly home.

“ Yet wherefore weep ?—a blessed place
Thy sepulchre shall be ;
Oh ! princely son of princely race,
We may not weep for thee.

“ Now, noble Herewald ! take thy rest
Beside the ebbing wave ;
Long be thy glorious memory blest,
Long honored be thy grave.”

ROSAMUND BEST.

THE PILGRIM.

BY MISS JANE ROBERTS

Author of "Two Years at Sea"

STRANGER, whither goest thou ?
Where wendest thou thy way ?
Thy step is feeble—form is bent,
And thy few locks are gray !

But still, though furrowed is thy brow,
Thine eye is clear and bright ;
Think'st thou of home, and that thou'lt reach
That happy home ere night ?

" Oh ! mock me not," the Pilgrim said ;
" I have no home below ;
Many years have passed o'er me,
But all were full of woe.

" My step is feeble—form is bent,
And my few locks are gray ;
For I have wandered long and far,
And dreary is the way.

“ But still, though furrowed is my brow
Mine eye is clear and bright,
Because I think to reach my home,
Though not, I fear, to-night.

“ The home to which I wend my way,
By God above was given,
Through Him who shed his blood for me;
My home—my home is heaven !”

PSALM XXIII.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

Written for a little Boy.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, and I am His sheep ;
 His flock He from want and from danger will keep ;
 In pastures all verdant by night I abide,
 And he chooses my path where the cool waters glide.

If ever I wander, as silly sheep roam,
 He seeks his poor truant, and follows me home ;
 Then shows, by His footsteps, the way I should take,
 And, true to His promise, will never forsake.

When gloomy my path, the deep valleys I tread,
 All darkness before, and the rocks overhead ;
 My Shepherd is with me ; why fear any ill ?
 His crook and His staff, they shall comfort me still.

My enemies frown, but they can do no more ;
 My wants are supplied till my cup runneth o'er ;
 Surely goodness and mercy my days shall attend,
 Till I reach the bright mansions of joy without end.

